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TWO GIRLS ON
BIKES INSIDE

THE
40
GREATEST
MOMENTS IN
DUDE-DOM
#41: YOU BUY
THIS MAGAZINE

"I'LL GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU WANT"
Milla
JOVOVICH
UNCENSORED &
UNDRESSED

HELLO, MY
NAME IS
Horny
THE JOY OF
REUNION SEX

NFL
Preview
SECRETS OF
THE SNAP
WHY THE MOST
IMPORTANT PLAYER
ISN'T THE QB

PLUS
Meet Alexis
Dziena
YOUR NEW REASON TO
WATCH *ENTOURAGE*

Supermodel
Pickup Tips

Charlie Brown
Hits Puberty

SEPTEMBER 2009 MAXIM.COM

POLO
BLUE
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THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN

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Jamie DORNAN
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Palm Springs 2009

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underwear
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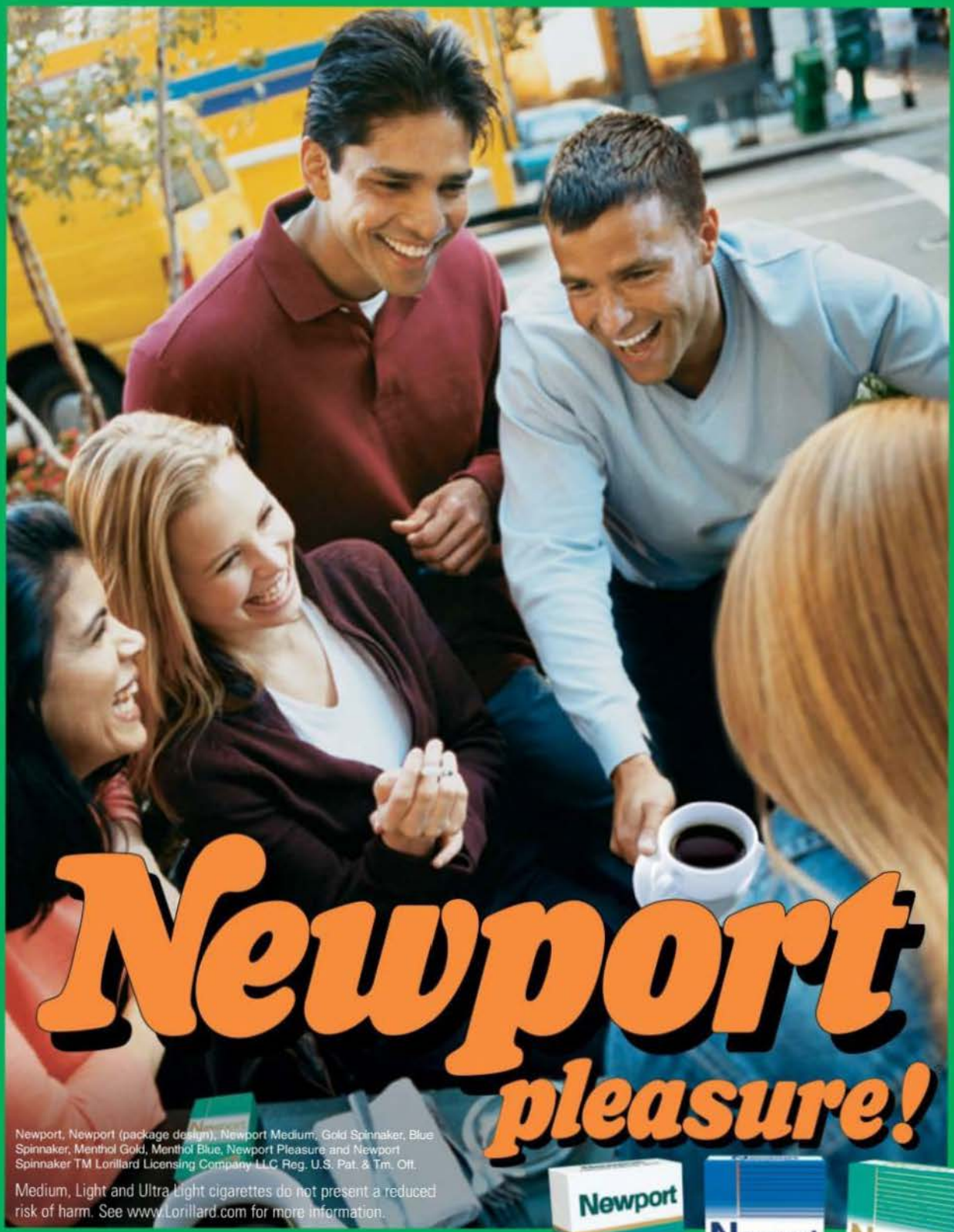

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Photograph, Matt Jones; styling, Tara Swennen at the Wall Group; hair, Eric Gabriel for the Wall Group; makeup, Vanessa Scali for Shu Uemura at tracey mattingly.com; tank top, Enza Costa; garter panty, LaPerla; thigh-highs, Wolford. This page: p.j. top, Dolce & Gabbana.

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ASK THE DATING GAMER

Our readers vex video game vixen and IGN host **Jessica Chobot** with their relationship quandaries.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMESON SIMPSON

So my girlfriend has laid down the law—games or her. How can I decide? I love them both!
—Torn in Texas

Instinctively, I want to say choose video games and dump the shrew. However, feelings aren't facts, so let's approach this the Vulcan way: with logic. Nab yourself a piece of paper and make two columns, one with your girlfriend's name at the top and the other with video games. List everything you love about video games (adventure, brave new worlds, hot women whose digital boobies never suffer from gravity) and everything you love about your girlfriend (real-life sex, company, and real-life sex) under their appropriate slots. Compare the two lists. The one that is the longest (and thus most fulfilling) is the winner. Be a gentleman, though—don't let the door hit her ass on the way out.

My roommate uses the "Hey, let's go back to my house and play Wii bowling" closing line at bars...and it works. Should I try this?
—Pickup Artist in Training

Yes. But if you'd rather attract people besides vanilla bean blondes (or old people and spastic children—the Wii's biggest fans), may I suggest offering up some different selections in your pickup scheme? Try *Rock Band* or *Guitar Hero: World Tour* as options. You may be surprised at the upgrade in your houseguests.

I suck at video games. Like, really suck. It's embarrassing when girls in my college dorm regularly beat me. What can I do? I'm not going to sit around and "practice," but I look like a weenie if I refuse a challenge!
—All Thumbs

Why are you being an idiot? Playing video games isn't practice. It's a blessing! Maybe you want to look like a little bitch-boy. I bet you do! I bet you secretly love it! It gets you hot. You enjoy getting publicly humiliated by strong women, don't you? Now go clean my boots with your tongue until I can see my face in them!

Send your sad sex and dating questions to **maximaskjessica@gmail.com.**
You can see more of Jessica on IGN.com and Maxim.com.

ELSEWHERE ON MAXIM.COM

Hottie Heaven
Get thee to a computer! Voting begins September 21 for the top 10 babes in this year's Hometown Hotties contest. Cast your ballots and make some lucky ladies very happy.

Stuff Goes Online!
Point your browser to Stuff.Maxim.com to catch reviews of the coolest in gear, tech, cars, and gadgets that make draining your bank account such a joy.

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Why wait for the NFL? Maxim.com has its very own college fantasy sports game running right now. Sign up before half of the PAC 10 tears an ACL.

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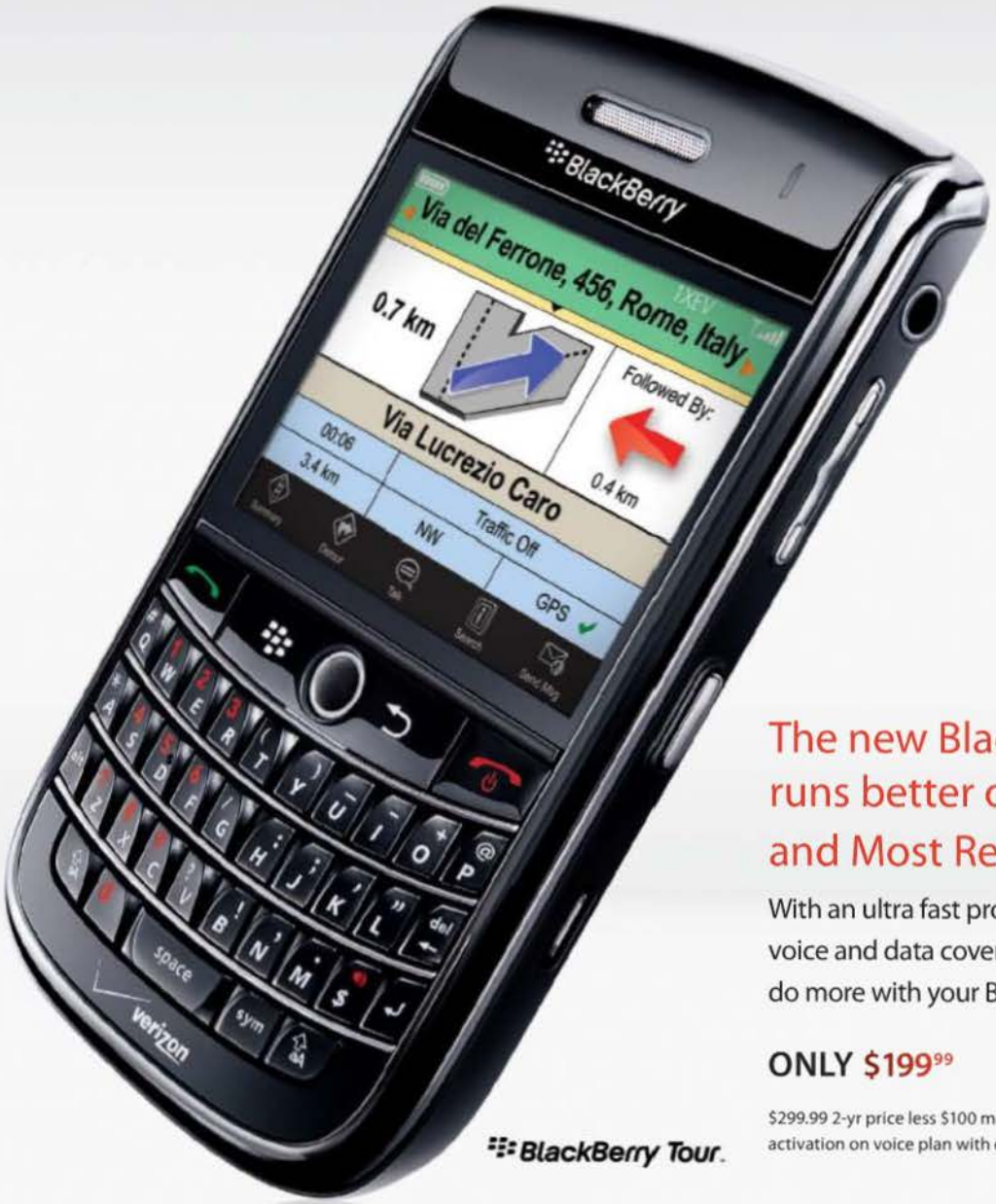

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CONTRIBUTORS Jason Albert, Michael Brumm, Nick Catucci, Guy Cimbalo, Sean T. Collins, Sean Cunningham, Mark Ebner, Gavin Edwards, Tyler Gray, Ky Henderson, Scott Hickey, Logan Hill, Scott Jacobson, Penn Jillette, Laura Leu, Steve Mazzucchi, Chris Norris, Mike Olson, Frank Owen, Jeff Pearlman, Neal Pollack, Steve Russell, Rob Sheffield, Marc Spitz, Neil Strauss, Gillian Telling, Chuck Thompson, Denny Watkins, Adam Winer, Molly Young PHOTOGRAPHERS Gavin Bond, Marius Bugge, Kenneth Capello, Jake Chessum, Sante D'Orazio, Davis Factor, Don Flood, Naomi Kaltman, Kang Kim, Robert Maxwell, Jeff Olson, Nigel Parry, Warwick Saint, Satoshi, Steve Shaw, Randall Slavin, Antoine Verglas, James White, Stephan Würth PRODUCTION Shaelyn Ellis-Walter MARKET EDITOR William Buckley COPY Lisa Ferber, Çemile Kavountzis, Marian Rosin, Laura Siciliano-Rosen RESEARCH Corinne Cummings, Holiday Dmitri INTERNS Stephanie Radvan, Jana Segal (editorial), Amanda Liptock, Nicholas Ruiz (fashion)

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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR Anthony Flaccavento
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SOUTHEAST jason@maxim.com: Jason Albaum
CANADA 416-964-3247: Martin Tully
DIRECT RESPONSE 212-779-7172, EXT. 223: Warren Berger
SALES AND MARKETING ASSOCIATE Jessica Dowd

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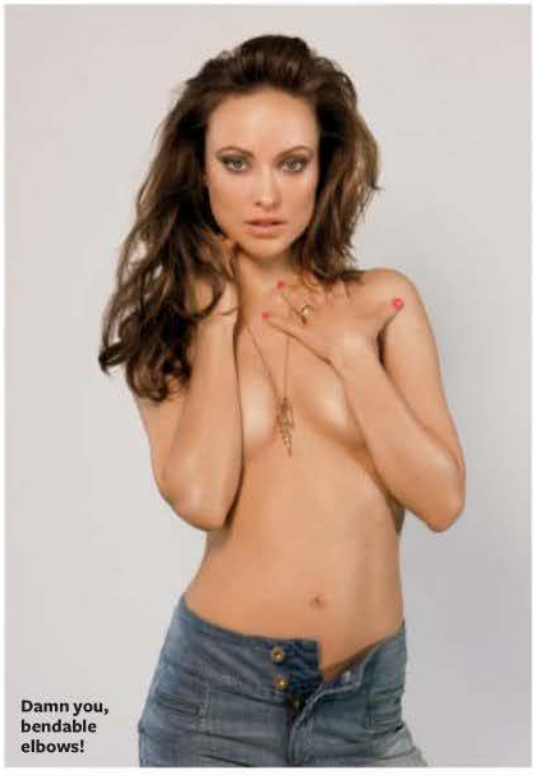

Damn you, bendable elbows!

Mailing It In

Between blowing off fingers with M-80s, readers went wild over Wilde in July!

The Burning Truth

I loved your spread on Olivia Wilde ("Let There Be Olivia!" July). However, I read that she was born with the name Olivia Cockburn. Her given name seems much more appropriate, especially with her hot looks and her interest in Burning Man. "Olivia drives me Wilde!" is cute, but "Olivia makes my..." is more accurate. I need some ice.

S. Foley via e-mail

We totally agree, Mr. Foley. And likewise we think that you would be much happier if you went back to your original name—S. Repelsvagina.

Well Done

The July 2009 issue was great. Thanks for naming Olivia Wilde No. 1 on the Hot 100! Also, your grilling sidebar [Stuff, "Touch It!"] was right on. I used your method of telling doneness (pressing the meat with your fingers) to train our broiler cooks at a steakhouse I managed. Neat stuff. Please keep up the very good work.

Dan H. Griffith, IN

You'd be surprised at what else finger fondling can reveal! For example, the extent of a woman's desire to go on a date with you can easily be judged by the firmness of her backhand.

Dropping the Ball

Great article on tennis star Andy Murray ("Balls of Fury," July), but I can't believe your follow-up list of legendary hotheads included Bill Laimbeer. After a 15-year career of cheap shots and hissy fits, this crybaby is now known for his head coaching expertise...in the WNBA. Wow, what a "bad boy."

R.J. McClure Western Springs, IL

We despise Bill Lame-Beer (see what we did there?!) as much as the next B-ball fan, R.J. But one can't deny his good work with the dudes of the WNBA—specifically the Detroit Shock—before his recent step-down from the game of round ball. Didn't you see center Kara Braxton and his teammates improve under Bill's tutelage? Because we sure didn't!

Time-and-a-Half Wit

I help my father run his construction company (which means I do most of the work) and three other property management companies. I'm also trying to help my fiancée plan our wedding, so I don't have much free time, but I always read my *Maxim*! However, when I got to reading July's issue, I was very confused: You were covering outdated and seriously old topics. It was only after reading more than half the magazine that I realized it was a copy of July 2008! How big of an ass am I? I guess it's proof that I really do need a vacation.

Joe Rizzo via e-mail

Don't beat yourself up, Joe. Everyone makes mistakes, especially when they're freakin' morons like you.

Iggy Flop

Thanks for the amazing story on Jesse James ["The Machinations of Jesse James," July]. I usually read your magazine cover to cover, and I read that piece, by Erik Hedegaard, twice. But what were you thinking following a great story and interview like that with a scary-ass picture of wrinkled rock legend Iggy Pop ["Survival of the Iggiest"]? If I were a guy, it would have killed my hard-on.

Christy via e-mail

So you're saying Jesse James gives guys hard-ons? Well, yes. But they're metaphorical hard-ons. Like, "Ooh, we've got a hard-on for that bike you've built." Not, "Ooh, I hope my sweatpants come double-stitched."

MAXIM CHALLENGE
MAXIM WANTS YOU...

In honor of our Campus Cuties special, send the skuzziest pictures of your college living situation ASAP to dormdisasters@maxim.com. If you're holed up in a seriously crappy apartment, we'll feature your room on Maxim.com and hook you up with cool gear to redo your digs. Now, aren't we nice?

Go to maxim.com/contests for complete rules.*

DOT COMMENTS

Random Maxim.com feedback presented totally out of context for your pleasure.

Given a free punch, what's the largest animal a man could knock out? I'm thinking llama.
Jon Shearm

Ahhh! And Farrah Fawcett! She just died!!!
Rob Black

I work at the largest bacon processing company in the U.S. Thanks for recognizing the world's greatest meat with Bacon Porn every month.
Dennis Manger

Why the hell is there Braille on the drive-up ATM?
Eric

AMANDA DE CADENET

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WHAT DOES A MITCHUM MAN SAY TO SAVING MONEY? "CHEERS," OF COURSE.

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WHAT'S YOUR WORST
OOPS?

This one time, I was _____ (-ING VERB)

a _____ (NOUN) in my _____ (NOUN)

when suddenly, a _____ (OBJECT)

hit my _____ (BODY PART) causing

me to _____ (VERB) in front of

a crowd of _____ (NOUN) while

knocking a huge _____ (THING)

onto a _____ (OBJECT). I screamed

"_____ (MADE UP WORD) !!!"

but it was too late. I had

already _____ (-ED VERB) myself. I

definitely need _____ (NUMBER) bottles

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jokes

Did you know the Taliban are using sheep to detect mines? They send the sheep into a field, and if they're blown up, the terrorists have dinner. If the sheep make it through alive, they have a date.

Small Things, Big Packages

A girl puts an ad online requesting a man who won't hit her or leave her and is a great lover.

A few days later her doorbell rings and she finds a man with no arms and no legs.

He says to her, "I have no arms, so I can't hit you, and I have no legs, so I can't run."

She responds, "But the last part..."

He grins and says, "How do you think I rang the doorbell?"

Q & A

Q: What's the difference between a banker and a cheese pizza?
A: A cheese pizza can feed a family of four.

Q: If you have big boobs you work at Hooters. If you have one leg, where do you work?
A: IHOP.

Make Us Laugh, Funny Man

THIS MONTH: JORDAN CARLOS

One knockdown-funny joke from a stand-up comic.

If you're the black friend, people ask if things are racist. If you have to ask, it is. And, yes, it is racist to kick a Mexican in the balls to see if he'll fart out candy like a piñata. It's something I'll never do again.

For more ball-kicking tales of hilarity, check out jordancarlos.com

BEAT THIS CAPTION

TO ENTER

1. Give us your best caption attempt at Maxim.com/contests.
2. We'll send the lucky winner these sweet Cerwin-Vega speakers.
3. Simply check Maxim.com early and often to see if your funny bone is bigger than ours!

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THE HA-HA LIST
BY MICHAEL BRUMM

How do I know if I have a vampire STD?

Your testicles smolder in direct sunlight.

Your penis casts no shadow.

A repulsion to Sarah Michelle Gellar.

Your genitals burn even more than normal when you rub garlic on them.

Crotch rash bears striking resemblance to Robert Pattinson.

If erection lasts more than 4,000 years.

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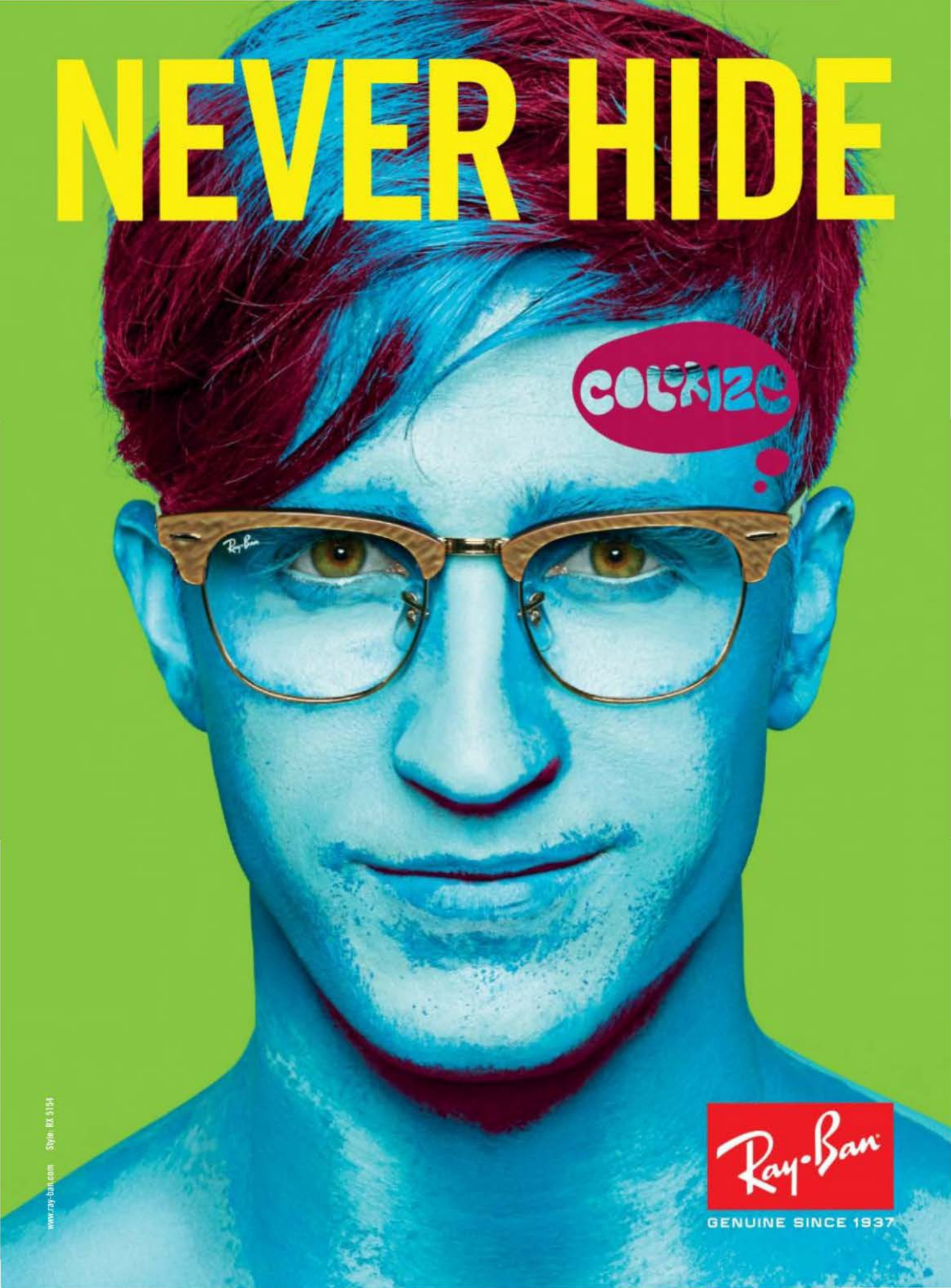
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HALEY WEBB

After watching her bust out of the screen in this month's *The Final Destination*, you'll pray all of Haley Webb's future flicks are also in 3-D. But this badass 23-year-old isn't just a pretty face; she can also kick some butt. Check some of her most memorable firsts.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDALL SLAVIN

First Kiss
I was in middle school, and all I really remember is not wanting to do it, because the guy's breath kind of smelled like bananas.

First Risky Move
For the most part I do a lot of my own stunts. On *The Final Destination*, they kept pulling my stunt woman in, and I'd shoo her away. I'm a black belt in tae kwon do, so I was adamant about doing stuff myself.

First Turnoffs
One thing that's a huge no-no is pretentiousness. I can't deal with that. I'd also say to guys who flip their polo shirt collars: Don't do it.

First Time Getting Nailed
I do wear girly makeup in this movie, but I was more excited about my nails-in-the-face scene. I loved to see the process of how they applied the gory makeup. I didn't want to take it off. I wanted to walk into 7-Eleven and be like, "Hey, can I get a pack of cigarettes?" with nails in my face. They wouldn't let me, sadly. But if I could, I would have.—*Jana Segal*

***The Final Destination* hits theaters August 28.**

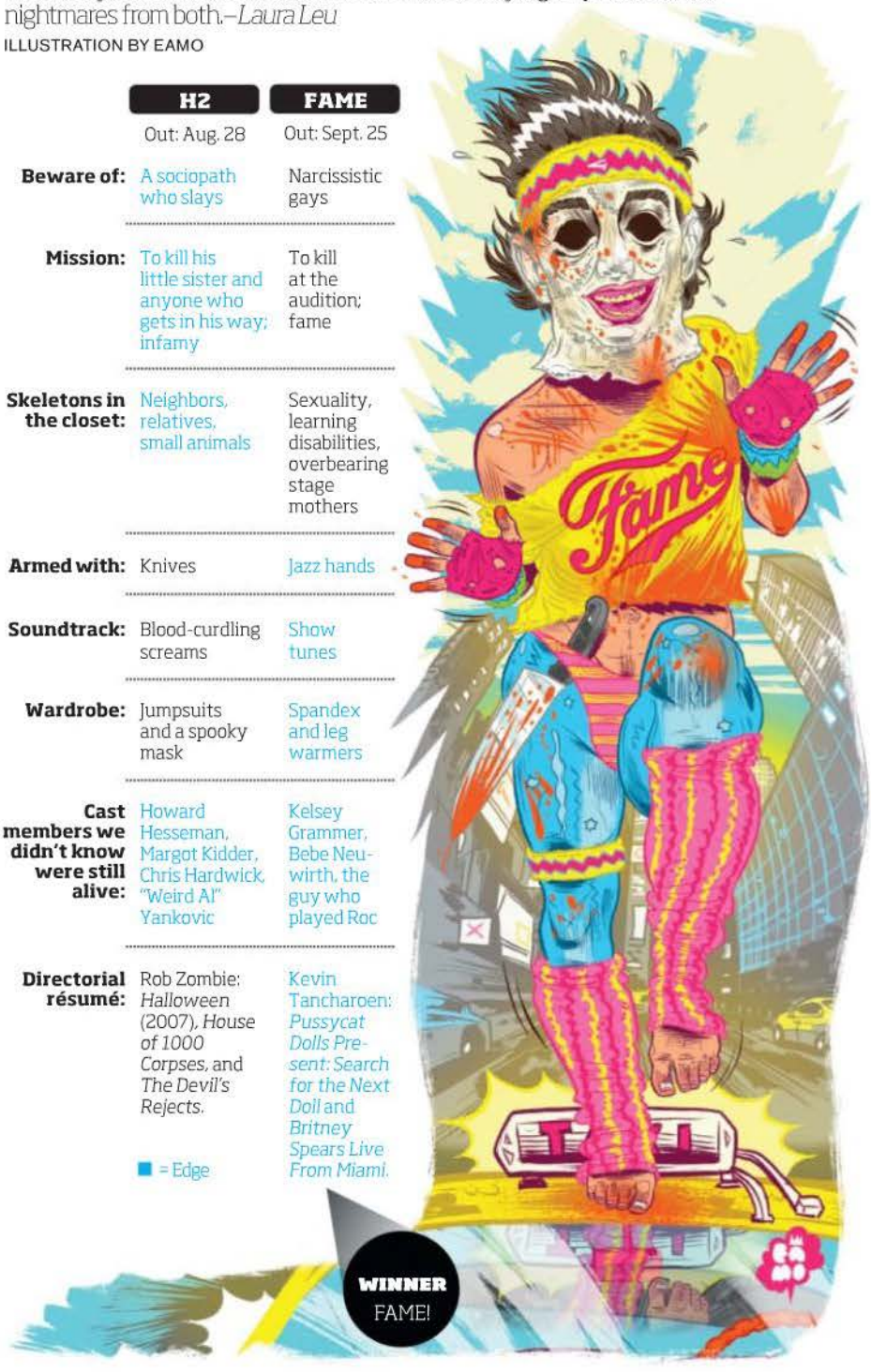
Halloween II vs. Fame: Which Remake Is Scarier?

While only one of these flicks can be the most terrifying, expect oodles of nightmares from both.–*Laura Leu*

ILLUSTRATION BY EAMO

	H2	FAME
	Out: Aug. 28	Out: Sept. 25
Beware of:	A sociopath who slays	Narcissistic gays
Mission:	To kill his little sister and anyone who gets in his way; infamy	To kill at the audition; fame
Skeletons in the closet:	Neighbors, relatives, small animals	Sexuality, learning disabilities, overbearing stage mothers
Armed with:	Knives	Jazz hands
Soundtrack:	Blood-curdling screams	Show tunes
Wardrobe:	Jumpsuits and a spooky mask	Spandex and leg warmers
Cast members we didn't know were still alive:	Howard Hesseman, Margot Kidder, Chris Hardwick, "Weird Al" Yankovic	Kelsey Grammer, Bebe Neuwirth, the guy who played Roc
Directorial résumé:	Rob Zombie: *Halloween* (2007), *House of 1000 Corpses*, and *The Devil's Rejects*.	Kevin Tancharoen: *Pussycat Dolls Present: Search for the Next Doll* and *Britney Spears Live From Miami*.

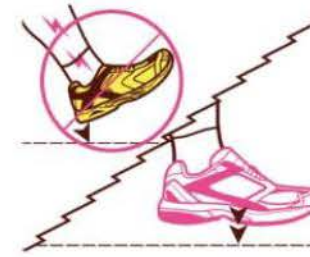
■ = Edge



HOW TO

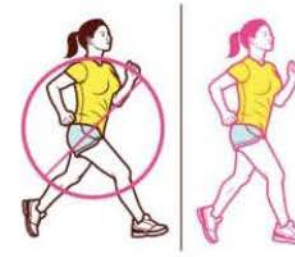
Run Away Properly

If you dash up the aisle during these summer scarefests, do it right.



1. Don't be a heel. Heel-toe running sends shock waves of hurt to the feet, knees, and back with every step. Instead, land "quietly" midfoot, says Jay Johnson, coach at NikeRunning.com. It can reduce pain from running by 40 percent.

2. Fix your flail. Tense arms hurt your neck and sap stamina faster than a Sasha Grey compilation. Let 'em relax, near your waist, and swing naturally, says Johnson. Keep your hands positioned as if you were carrying ice cream cones.



3. Get to steppin'. Researchers say the most efficient runners hit the ground 180 times a minute. Increase your rate by shortening your stride and keeping your feet closer to the ground. It feels ridiculous, because it looks ridiculous.

ILLUSTRATION (HOW TO): JAMESON SIMPSON

DORK OUT HERE **Dragon*Con** hits Atlanta September 4 to 7. The largest convention focusing on sci-fi, fantasy, gaming, and comics in the U.S., D-Con is the place to make your hobbit three-way fantasy a reality.

CLICK ON THIS Find the weirdest locales across the globe at **atlasobscura.com.** Then hop in your car and head to, say, Steve's Weird House, where you can see a treehouse bordello and over 150 antique toasters.

READ THIS BOOK If you hate laughter, do not pick up **And Here's the Kicker,** a collection of hilarious interviews with 21 of the world's best comic writers (like Harold Ramis of *Ghost Busters*), by Mike Sacks. Fun-tertaining!

YOUR HAIR MAY BE **RUINING YOUR GAME.**

IF YOU THINK THE PRODUCTS YOU'RE USING AND HOW YOU'RE STYLING YOUR HAIR IS FINE, ASK A GIRL. CHANCES ARE SHE THINKS YOU CAN UP YOUR GAME.

Here's some insight about girls: They care way more about your hair than you think. And, according to a recent AXE Hair survey, you're blowing it. Most girls (72 percent) think guys don't know how to style their hair to its full potential.[1] Case in point: Matt Herrington and his girlfriend, Nicky Androes. Matt's got a great head of thick hair. But it gets frizzy, so he controls it with lots of gel. Nicky's beef: "He glops on so much that it looks greasy. Then he spikes it, and it's like a hedgehog." Diana Schmidtke, a men's celebrity hair stylist and grooming expert, has Matt's back. She spilled the tricks for getting a look (at right) both he and Nicky love:

DITCH THE GELMET.

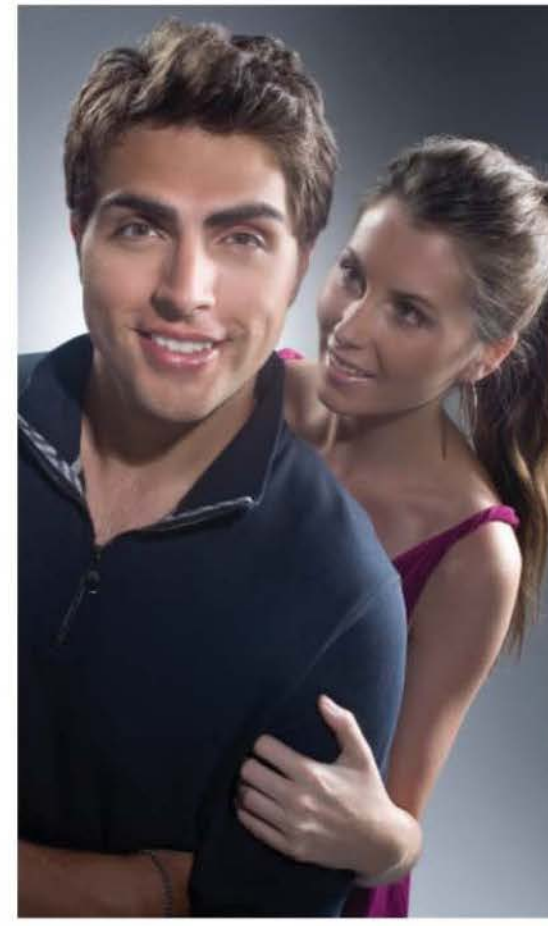
"Gel is mostly water, and when it evaporates, you're left only with hard fixatives that leave hair crunchy," Diana says. "Girls *want* to touch your hair, but a stiff style is like a 'keep out' sign. Like 90 percent of girls, Nicky and I agree that hard, crusty, over-gelled hair is a turnoff."

PICK A GUYS' SHAMPOO.

"Guys can benefit from using a shampoo designed for them." Diana says. "For example, like a lot of guys, Matt's hair gets poofy as it dries, so he needs a shampoo that cleans *and* controls. AXE Constrict Shampoo was made for hair like Matt's."

GET HOLD WITHOUT CRUNCH.

AXE Hair styling products provide hold, but they're emollient-based and keep hair soft, not stiff, Diana says. "You can also style and re-style it, which trust me, is an important factor since girls will want to run their fingers through it."



AXE SHAGGY LOOK CREAM GIVES MATT AN EASY-GOING LOOK FOR HAIR SHE CAN'T RESIST; NICKY COULD BARELY KEEP HER HANDS OFF.

SHAMPOO WAKE-UP CALL

FIND ONE THAT'S AS GOOD FOR YOUR HAIR AS IT IS FOR YOUR SOCIAL LIFE.

74 PERCENT OF GIRLS SAID HAIR IS ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS THEY NOTICE ABOUT A GUY.

THE TURNOFF: Greasy, dirty hair

GET GIRL-APPROVED: When it looks like a leaky oil tanker hit your scalp, it's not entirely your fault. Guys' scalps are oilier, plus you sweat more and use stickier products than girls. So you need a serious shampoo like AXE Deep Clean Shampoo + Hair Scrub; its heavy-duty cleansers remove the gunk girls hate. (And, use it daily to impress the 80 percent of girls who wish guys washed more often.)

THE TURNOFF: Dandruff

GET GIRL-APPROVED: It's no secret that girls don't like dandruff. Try something that does more than just fight flakes. AXE Anti-Dandruff Shampoo + Conditioner has a manly, not medicine-y, scent that girls will notice *and* appreciate.

[1] *National survey of 2,500 girls 18-24 conducted by StrategyOne June and July 2008; national survey of 1,000 guys 18-24 conducted by StrategyOne September 2008*

Mezcal 2.0

Long dissed as rotgut tequila with a worm in the bottle, this Mexican mama is mounting a major comeback thanks to smooth-sippin' small-batch brands. Here's your cheat sheet to the magical world of mezcal.

From Philip Ward, mixologist at Mayahuel mezcal and tequila bar in N.Y.C.

The Gumption
1 oz Ilegal Reposado mezcal
1 oz Patrón Silver tequila
.5 oz Luxardo Maraschino Cherry liqueur
Dash Angostura bitters
Dash orange bitters
Stir, pour over rocks. Add twist of (and garnish with) grapefruit.

1. What it is.
Mezcal is another word for the agave plant, a sugar-soaked spiked lily (it's not a cactus) found in Mexico. Like a hillbilly calling bourbon corn liquor, when you see MEZCAL on a bottle's label, it simply means that it's agave booze.

2. "Tequila, I am your father."
All tequila is mezcal, but not all mezcal is tequila. Tequila was once labeled "mezcal de Tequila," meaning that it's agave liquor from the Mexican city of Tequila. By Mexican law, tequila can be made only with blue agave, a native of its namesake town. Mezcal can use any strain of the plant, but it's generally made from espadin agave.

3. Heat and swerve.
To make tequila, blue agave is often steamed to release the alcohol-generating sugars. To make mezcal, however, agave must first be slowly roasted over wood and mesquite, giving it its deep, smoky, scotch-like flavor.

4. Don't be a worm.
A 1960s marketing ploy aimed at gringos (Mexicans think it's gross) that's been a rash on the industry for decades, the worm is actually a caterpillar moth that lives and feeds on the agave plant. If your bottle is *con gusano* ("with worm"), chances are good it's lousy, el cheapo mezcal. And, no, eating it won't make you trip, only puke. (Trust us on this.)

Rock Out With Your Guac Out!

Dip into this meat-infused Mexi mash by Nathan Myers, author of *Guac Off!*

- **½ red onion, diced**
- **½ each red and orange bell pepper, diced**
- **1 medium serrano chili pepper, diced**
- **1 small handful finely chopped cilantro**
- **Juice of 6 key limes**
- **2 large avocados, diced**
- **½ white onion, diced**
- **1 bratwurst, halved and sliced**
- **1 12 oz. can cheap beer**
- **1 loaf Bavarian black bread**

Combine red onion, bell peppers, serrano pepper, cilantro, and lime juice. Add avocados and mash with a fork until chunky. In a separate bowl, combine white onion, chopped bratwurst, and beer. Let sit at least one hour, then drain beer and remove white onion. In a pan, grill bratwurst until fully cooked, then add to guacamole. You may now start dippin'.

Ilegal Reposado
$57
A reposado (aged four to five months). Tip this liquid silk neat till you're sloppy.

Los Danzantes Blanco
$60
Deliciously spicy. Drink with ice and a fire extinguisher.

La Fogata
$65
An añejo (aged 3 years in bourbon barrels), it's strong and sweet, like the back of your girl's hand.

Del Maguey Tobala
$125
Made from rare tobala agave, it's smoky, light, fruity. Mix it, hombre.

Scorpion
$220
A bold añejo with a scorpion exoskeleton inside. Free tongue piercings with the last sip!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

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Supermodel Mackdown!

How to hopelessly hit on the world's top models when they infest New York City for Fashion Week.

Name: Natasha Poly
Nationality: Russian
Fab fact: Her real last name is Polevshchikova.
Your chances: 1 in 1,000

Good pickup line: "I've got a table at Avenue if you wanna swing by."

Bad pickup line: "Do you know where I can buy some adult diapers?"

Name: Lara Stone
Nationality: Dutch
Fab fact: French *Vogue* dedicated an issue to her.
Your chances: 1 in 100

Good pickup line: "Do you think I should have my private jet gold-plated?"

Bad pickup line: "Ten bucks says you can't touch your elbows together!"

Name: Lily Donaldson
Nationality: British
Fab fact: Replaced Kate Moss in Burberry ads.
Your chances: 1 in 800

Good pickup line: "Wanna see a secret MGMT show at the Bowery Hotel?"

Bad pickup line: "Do my hands smell like eggs?"

Name: Daria Werbowy
Nationality: Polish
Fab fact: Dated Josh Hartnett.
Your chances: 1 in 10,000,000

Good pickup line: "Krakow is such a beautiful city."

Bad pickup line: "Is it true Josh Hartnett is retarded?"

Name: Coco Rocha
Nationality: Canadian
Fab fact: Discovered at an Irish jig contest.
Your chances: 1 in 1,200

Good pickup line: "You've accomplished so much for a 21-year-old."

Bad pickup line: "You're the hottest thing out of Canada since Michael J. Fox."

Name: Hilary Rhoda
Nationality: American
Fab fact: Replaced Angelina Jolie in St. John ads.
Your chances: 1 in 200

Good pickup line: "You looked amazing on the cover of German *Vogue*."

Bad pickup line: "I hear you have birds living in your eyebrows."
–*Chris Wilson*

DRESS UP HERE

Hey, you goofy bastards: Disney will be holding its first-ever fan expo, **D23,** in Anaheim, CA for four days, September 10-13. Part of the experience will be an exclusive viewing of new footage from their upcoming flick: *Tron 2.0*!

BACON PORN

#22 IN A SERIES

CHOCOLATE-COVERED BACON

Ingredients
- 1 lb. apple-wood-smoked bacon
- ½ lb. Callebaut chocolate
- Coarse sea salt

Method

1. Preheat oven to 350°F.
2. Cook bacon (bake or fry); drain on paper towels.
3. Melt chocolate in microwave at full power, stirring frequently. Watch carefully.
4. Dip bacon in melted chocolate, letting excess chocolate drip off. Place on wax paper; sprinkle with salt.
5. Chill in fridge about an hour. Devour and remain in sprinting distance of a bathroom.

Inspired by an idea from Nueske's in Wittenberg, WI

The Truth Is Really, Really Out There

What follows are the Internet's most ridiculous conspiracy theories...or so the government would have you believe!

Ah, the sounds of September: leaves rustling, college students hacky-sacking, and lunatics spouting 9/11 conspiracy theories. Our new fave: The Twin Towers never actually fell and are covered by a government-created "fake cloud." Here, then, a few of the most eye-opening truths currently making the rounds.

Obama Is an Alien!
According to former BBC sports reporter and self-proclaimed Son of God David Icke, Barack Obama is the latest in a long line of world leaders, including George W. Bush and Queen Elizabeth II, who are not only members of the secret society the Illuminati but also shape-shifting lizard people from another planet who intend to create a new world order with a central dictatorship. If this is true, we suggest that the reptile-in-chief shape-shift himself an ear tuck.

The United States and India Created the 2004 Indian Ocean Tsunami
Those waves that wiped out thousands of predominantly Muslim people were caused by a nuclear experiment conducted by India with technology supplied by devilish Americans and, of course, Middle Eastern Jews. Some conspiricists say top-secret "tsunami bomb" experiments were conducted off the coast of New Zealand as early as 1944. What took so long to get it right, evil scientists?

Sen. Chuck Schumer (D-N.Y.) Caused the Global Economic Crisis
This one belongs to Rush Limbaugh, and we're grateful to him for letting us take you for a ride in it. Limbaugh insists that the New York senator caused a run on IndyMac Bank in California last summer in order to create a national panic so the Democrats could run the incumbent Republicans out of Congress and the White House. Once established, the socialist-crats would use the money meltdown to nationalize troubled U.S. industries (cars, banks, Michael Jackson memorabilia) and use the resulting power and money to control the tickling sensation on Chris Matthews' inner thigh. Devious monsters!–*Mike Hammer*

MOCK OTHERS' PAIN

Think you're sweating through the summer heat? Get thee to a PC and surf to **gothsinhotweather.com** to peep at a never-ending dorkgasbord of leather-clad, made-up, pale, and angsty teens baking under their worst enemy: sunlight. You can almost hear the chafing.

CHOCOLATE-COVERED BACON, JONATHON KAMOBOURIS

Corona Light, now in a 12 oz. tall can.

Solo Assassin

They sure don't make guitars like this anymore! (Except when they do.)

Designed to compete with the mighty Fender Stratocaster, the Epiphone Wilshire electric guitar debuted in 1960, when "do-re-mi" constituted a face-melting, panty-wetting solo. Then players like Jimi Hendrix picked up this solid mahogany, dual-pickup beauty and began to shred. The rest is music history! The 1962 models are nearly impossible to find and can cost up to 12 grand, but lucky for you, the guitar gremlins at Epiphone Custom Historics have crafted 100 perfect re-creations of the '62 Wilshire in their Nashville workshop. *$4,832, gibson.com*

Jimi Hendrix, either just standing there or being serviced by a groupie

Women Behind Bars

The sexiest booze slingers in the world are here to help you better navigate your nights out.

When I meet a hot girl at the bar and we're hitting it off, how do I take it to the "your place or mine" level?

"If she wants to hook up tonight, you won't need to ask," says Courtney Kent (above), bartender at Bond St. in Beverly Hills. "But if she doesn't make it clear, she may want you, just not tonight. Time to lay some solid ground-work, so next time you'll get lucky. Do this by ending your talk as the flirting peaks; leave her wanting more. Get her number and—this is key—forget all the call-back rules. A little after she heads to the late-night diner with her girlfriends, send a text, like, 'Hey, gorgeous, expect a call from me later this week. Get home safe.' She'll swoon and show it off to all her pals."

Moving On

This month, Archie jumped five years into the future and got married. Other comics are following suit.

FUNNY, ISN'T IT? NOW THAT WE'RE TEENAGERS IT MIGHT MAKE SENSE FOR US TO TALK THE WAY WE DO.
WE'RE FINALLY OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE OUR TRADEMARK VERBOSE, PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATIONS.
BUT NOW ALL I THINK ABOUT IS WHAT BOOBS MIGHT FEEL LIKE.
THIS BLANKET CONCEALS AN UNWANTED ERECTION.

PEANUTS at 13

ZIGGY at 45

BY SCOTT JACOBSON

CLICK THIS SITE

Push brooms affixed to crutches, rakes for wienie roasters, wire-hanger toilet paper dispensers, and more are all on display at **thereifixedit.com**—a superb collection of top-notch half-assed solutions.

FILL UP HERE

At the 18th annual **RoadKill Cook-Off** in Pocahontas County, WV on September 26, you can enjoy dishes like "squirrel gravy over biscuits" while trying not to think about which ATV tire provided your meal.

BUY THIS COMIC

The Zombie Survival Guide, by Max Brooks. The *World War Z* author pens this graphic novel on undead attacks throughout recorded history, from the earliest cavemen to Soviet Russia. Brain-a-licious!

PHOTOGRAPH, EVAN KLAINFER; ILLUSTRATIONS, ROBERT SIKORYAK

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Ask Maxim

We're dropping info bombs on kicking butt Bruce Lee-style, tax breaks for B-ballers, and some seriously sick shrubbery!

How can I do Bruce Lee's one-inch punch?

Frankie Galnad, Ballwin, MO

1. MAKE A FIST.
BE SURE NOT TO WRAP YOUR FINGERS AROUND YOUR THUMB. USE YOUR THREE BOTTOM KNUCKLES TO MAKE CONTACT. THE BONES OF THOSE FINGERS EXTEND INTO THE FOREARM, MAKING THEM MUCH LESS LIKELY TO BREAK WHEN MAKING CONTACT.

2. STAND PERPENDICULAR TO THE TARGET.
YOUR LEGS SHOULD BE SLIGHTLY MORE THAN SHOULDER WIDTH APART. WHILE THE MOVEMENT IS SMALL, YOU PUT YOUR WHOLE BODY INTO IT, SO MAKE CERTAIN YOU'RE BALANCED FOR THE STRIKE.

3. MOVE YOUR OUTSTRETCHED ARM TO WITHIN AN INCH OF A SOFT PAD.
YOU'RE GOING TO BE REPEATING THIS ABOUT A BILLION TIMES TO BUILD CONTROL AND WRIST STRENGTH, SO THERE'S NO NEED TO DESTROY YOUR HAND JUST YET.

4. THE KEY MOTION IS A FLICK OF THE WRIST.
POP YOUR HAND FORWARD WHILE MAKING SURE YOUR ELBOW IS CENTERED. TAKE YOUR TIME WITH EACH HIT. EVENTUALLY, HAVE A FRIEND HOLD A TARGET TO ASSESS YOUR POWER. IF YOU SHATTER HIS STERNUM, THINGS ARE GOING WELL.

What's the most poisonous plant in the world?
TJ Wood, Raleigh, NC
Despite what they tell you in after-school specials, it's actually not marijuana. "There are many plants that can be lethal if ingested in enough quantity," explains Dr. James W. Hardin of North Carolina State University's department of plant biology—for instance, the dumb cane houseplant, toadstool mushrooms, water hemlock, Brazilian pepper, and yellow allamanda. But the most life-ending leaf on the planet? That's the rosary pea. "Just three mature seeds, when chewed up, can be fatal," Hardin says. Sounds like a dare to us, TJ!

What's the hardest artificial flavor to make?
George Bruster, Kansas City, KS
"Coffee," says Dr. Gary Reineccius, the department head of food science and nutrition at the University of Minnesota. "There are over 900 compounds that give coffee its flavor, but artificial coffee flavorings typically only have 20 to 30." He also points out that most artificial coffee flavors aren't even recognizable in blind taste tests: "We make it brown and put a label on it. That's how consumers can tell it's coffee, but otherwise people have no idea." We'll never trust Starbucks again. Or scientists.

Can athletes really deduct fines?
Chuck Henly, Boston, MA
NBA legend Charles Barkley once responded to a $20,000 fine by noting, "They're all tax-deductible." He was right. The tax code's Sec. 162 on trade or business expenses states "all the ordinary and necessary expenses paid or incurred during the taxable year in carrying on any trade or business" are deductible, and the courts have found this includes when the ref calls you for traveling and you call his sister a man and the commissioner calls your bank. Sadly, there's one big exception: You're not allowed to deduct money spent on activities violating the law, meaning even B-ball's finest can't write off hookers. Yet.

ROCK THESE KICKS
Take your sneaker pimpage to new levels of re-dunkulous with this month's release of the perennially classic **Nike Air Max 95** –complete with the original air bubble that still won't help your ups.

SET YOUR TIVO
Watch the debut of the ***Jay Leno Show*** September 14 at 10 P.M. on NBC and catch Jay trying to kill Conan O'Brien's career with jokes written for and designed by Social Security recipients.

DRINK THIS BOOZE
Rum lovers, note: **Malibu Reef Check** disappears after August. Why so soon? It's a limited-edition bottle intended to promote awareness of reef destruction. Get drunk for a good cause! *$12.99*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EAMO

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Zita
JUNIOR: **UCLA**
MAJOR: **PHOTOGRAPHY & DESIGN**
Have you ever actually been in a pillow fight with your girlfriends?
No, and it's probably better that way, since I swing hard!

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Campus Cuties

Class Mates

Gaze upon the sexiest coeds in all the land and get your master's in women's studies! With the help of our friends at CollegeHumor.com, we scoured the nation's institutes of higher learning to find the hottest undergrads in underpants. Enjoy this cheat sheet—many more pupils await you at Maxim.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKO LIM

Marissa

SENIOR: UCLA MAJOR: ENGLISH

Where is the best place on campus for an outdoor romp?

The sculpture garden is pretty romantic.

Tatiana

FRESHMAN: HUNTER COLLEGE MAJOR: TEACHING

What advice would you give college guys?

If you're a geek, be a geek. It can be charming.

Wanna see more?

We thought so. Go to Maxim.com and learn how to nab a free 36-page Campus Cuties magazine. That's right—free! That's how much we love you.

LeAnn

FRESHMAN: FLORIDA ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY MAJOR: MARKETING

What would get you kicked out of school if the dean ever found out?

My sorority sisters and I streaked through the courtyard.

Samantha

SOPHOMORE: MANHATTAN COLLEGE MAJOR: MARKETING AND FRENCH

If you were valedictorian, what advice would you give dudes in your class?

Stop partying in your rooms on Thursday nights—I'm trying to study!

IN LOS ANGELES: STYLING, CONSTANZE LYNDSAY; HAIR, STEVEN LAKE USING REDKEN FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; MAKEUP, HIROMI USING MAC FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS. IN NEW YORK: STYLING, YOUNG AH KIM; HAIR, MARCO SANTINI AT COMMUNITY N.Y.C. FOR ION STUDIO; MAKEUP BY THORSTEN WEISS AT COMMUNITY N.Y.C. USING MAC COSMETICS. SPECIAL THANKS TO MILK STUDIOS.

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THE HONEYMOON KILLER
A WARREN STEBEL PRODUCTION Starring SHIRLEY STOLER • TONY LO BIANCO
MARY JANE HIGBY • Written and Directed by LEONARD KASTLE

Zombie Attack!

Rob Zombie makes his dream frightfest with *Halloween II.*

When reimagining John Carpenter's classic *Halloween* in 2007, director, musician, and all-around scary dude Rob Zombie made plenty of concessions to the original (cheap plastic mask, anyone?). So, now that he's paid proper homage to the franchise, he's been given free rein to take psycho killer Michael Meyers in a whole new direction. And oh, how scary it is.

Why did you come back for the sequel?
Because now I can do whatever the fuck I want. The characters from the first movie are kind of a big snooze. They're just nice girls who get victimized, so there really is not a lot to do there.

How's it going to be different this time?
I wanted to make it more of a character study of the aftermath. I approached it like it was real. This is a movie about a girl who wakes up in a hospital to find that the man who put her there—and killed her friends—is her brother. *That* is compelling drama.

Has your musical background helped you work on a series famous for its theme song?
Music is everything. *Halloween* has got to have one of the most recognizable music scores of all time. For such a small film, it's right up there with *Jaws* or *Star Wars*. So there's always the search for the perfect piece of music for each scene. You know, when they first screened *Halloween* without that famous music, people were like, "Ugh, this movie sucks." And then you add the music and suddenly it's like, "That's genius!"

You're a huge movie buff. Does the idea of remakes and reimaginings bother you at all?
It kind of bummed me out at first, but then I thought, Who gives a shit? If the movies are good, that's great. A lot of the movies I loved as a kid were remakes, like *Dracula* in the '70s. It's been going on forever.—*Jesse Brukman*

Halloween II *hits theaters August 28.*

Here Comes the Judge

Underdog Mike Judge returns to an office space in this month's *Extract*.

Mike Judge's name is cemented in TV history thanks to *Beavis and Butt-head* and *King of the Hill*. But despite their hysterical awesomeness, the writer-director's two human-filled efforts, 1999's *Office Space* and 2006's *Idiocracy*, were box office busts. His latest, *Extract*, with Jason Bateman as a factory owner experiencing a midlife crisis thanks to Mila Kunis, just might snap his bad luck streak. Why?

Judge reacts to another hysterical scene.

Because execs haven't effed this one up. "I started writing *Extract* before *Idiocracy*, with *Office Space* still in mind. But believe it or not, the studio executives said I should make *Idiocracy* first because 'that's a big commercial movie.' Then, at the first test screening, the focus group says, 'It's pretty funny, but we were hoping for something more like *Office Space*.'"

Because people are smarter now. "Over the years, with *Office Space* becoming more and more popular, people have always told me I should make another film like that one. This movie is largely meant for those people."

Because Judge is smarter now. "We got half the financing independently. I've had bad experiences being on a big studio's plantation. For this one we decided we'd stay in control."

Because *Extract*, in its way, is an extension of *Arrested Development*. "I rewrote the script with only Jason Bateman in mind. I was looking for a young Bob Newhart—somebody who is really good at reacting. In *Arrested Development*, he was great at holding it down and letting everybody else be funny. That's what *Extract*'s leading man needed."

Because, frankly, Judge deserves a hit. "There were times making *Office Space* when I said to myself, 'Wow, this is what I was born to do.' When it didn't do that well, it became, 'Maybe this *isn't* what I'm supposed to do.' I feel like *Extract* is me finally getting back to what I'm really good at."—*Matt Barone*

The Checkup

Sorting through the cinematic heap.

	Survival of the fittest	The future is scary!	Title needs to be spell-checked	Actor gets his nuts back after *The Ugly Truth*	Hitler's worst nightmare	Neil Armstrong's worst nightmare	OUR TAKE
Inglourious Basterds A group of Jewish-American soldiers led by Brad Pitt butcher Nazis in Quentin Tarantino's latest.	✓		✓		✓		Tarantino is in full force with this WWII bloodbath. The humor and violence just may make you enjoy a little post-traumatic stress.
Gamer Gerard Butler plays a video game character competing in a live action death match between prisoners.	✓	✓		✓			We've pined for an updated *Running Man* for decades. Butler is no Schwarzenegger, but we'll hit the reset button to catch this flick twice.
Pandorum Two amnesiac astronauts (Dennis Quaid and Ben Foster) trapped in a spacecraft battle it out with creatures.	✓	✓				✓	Even though this futuristic sci-fi flick feels a bit formulaic, who wouldn't want to be stuck alone in space with Quaid? Great balls of fire!

GET IN THE GAME From pop hits to trippy psychedelic tunes, 45 of the Fab Four's original tracks are available on **The Beatles: Rock Band.** With the full support of Ringo and Paul, this might be the most ambitious faux-rock game ever made.

WATCH THIS FLICK In **Big Fan** a Giants fanatic played by comic's comic Patton Oswalt questions his love for the game after he is assaulted by his gridiron hero in this flick brought to you by the writer of last year's sleeper hit *The Wrestler*.

MUST BUY NOW Scottish rebels look even more rugged in the new **Braveheart** Blu-ray edition that includes interactive timelines and extras like "Smithfield: Medieval Killing Fields" and "Battlefields of the Scottish Rebellion."

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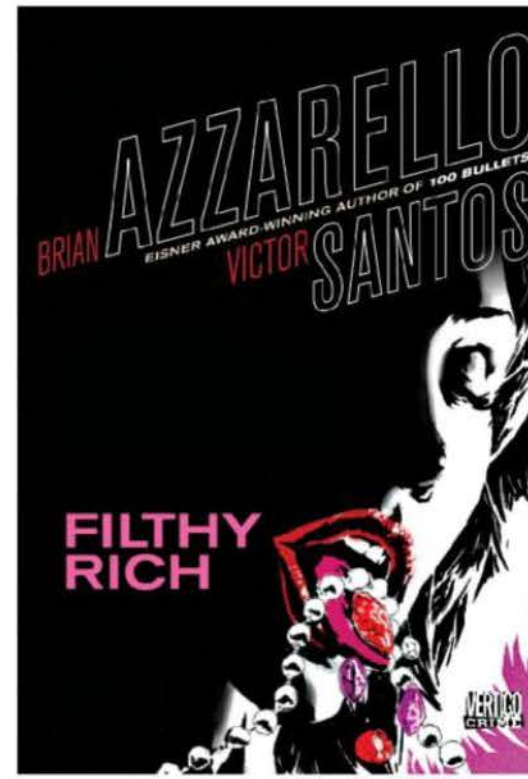
Graphic Violence

Comics go hard-boiled in the naughty noir *Filthy Rich*.



Slutty celebutantes. Drugged-up starlets. Football-playing felons. Weren't the '60s swell?

Everything new is old again in *Filthy Rich*, the new graphic novel about death on the D-list from writer Brian Azzarello and artist Victor Santos. Set in the days when men were men and women were menaces, it's filled with booze, broads, and brutal black-and-white art. According to Azzarello, it combines a classic noir setup—"A dumb guy gets involved with a smart gal"—with a modern inspiration: "My pitch was 'Maurice Clarett becomes Paris Hilton's bodyguard.'"

The leading lug is Richard "Junk" Junkin, a former football star turned car salesman after his career was sidelined by scandal. "It was a regular occurrence back then," Azzarello says. "Sports celebrities would start selling cars, and it would bring people in." Junk's fat-cat boss, Soeffer, realizes the ex-jock may be for shit on the sales floor, but he's got enough gridiron gladiator left in him for a tougher job: keeping an eye on Soeffer's wild-child socialite daughter, Victoria, as she parties her way through New York City's seedy nightlife. Sex, violence, and dizzying double-crosses ensue.

Azzarello is no stranger to the dark side of comics: His crime-conspiracy saga, *100 Bullets*, just wrapped up a 100-issue run, while *Joker*, his down-and-dirty take on Batman's archenemy, was one of 2008's best-selling graphic novels. But this is the first time he's done a piece of pulp fiction set in the '60s, when the genre dominated paperback racks. "There was a different sort of morality back then," he says. "And my publisher wanted something really noir out of me." With *Filthy Rich*, crime fans will get their money's worth.—*Sean T. Collins*

Music Reviews

For your aural satisfaction, here's what's dropping this month.

Arctic Monkeys
Humbug
Their frenetic 2006 debut had wacky English critics announcing the second coming of the Beatles. Now, on their third album, the four blokes have chilled considerably: Singer Alex Turner croons away, and, at turns, tempos slow into a psychedelic haze.
RATING: ●●●○○

Matisyahu
Light
On his third studio disc, the world's dopest Hasidic Jew supplements his first love, roots reggae, with rock riffs, pop hooks, and rap-wise beats. His lyrics are straight out of Trenchtown, all "peace of mind" ("Smash Lies") and "no more war" ("One Day").
RATING: ●●●○○

Yo La Tengo
Popular Songs
Twenty-five years in, New Jersey's beloved trio are officially indie-rock geezers—and not afraid to sound like it. While *Popular Songs* luxuriates in autumnal bliss, the songwriting is as sharp as ever. Call these the golden years.–*Nick Catucci*
RATING: ●●●◐○

DOWNLOAD NOW!

KID CUDI
"Make Her Say"
Cool Kanye pal gets graphic.

PETE YORN AND SCARLETT JOHANSSON
"Relator"
A couple of sweet (and bouncy) minutes.

COLBIE CAILLAT
"Fallin' for You"
A blonde next door's winsome ditty.

BROOKS & DUNN
"Indian Summer"
Wistful monster ballad on lost dreams.

JUSTIN BIEBER
"One Time"
Teen Usher protégé; squeaky but *smoove*.

GUM

MINT

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Eli Roth

We tortured some final answers out of the *Hostel* director and *Inglourious Basterds* star.

So how do you want to go?
I have this fear that no matter how hard I try to avoid it, I'm going to be eaten by a great white shark. Even if I never go in the ocean again, I'll be on an airplane, it'll crash in the Pacific, and I'll survive—only to be eaten by a great white.

Do you have any deathbed confessions?
I cried at the end of *Freaky Friday*. The Lindsay Lohan one. I was alone and got all choked up.

What song plays as you die?
Definitely the tune "Wonderboy" by Tenacious D. It's epic, and I'll picture myself riding a unicorn with a hot naked lady as I do battle with a great white shark, swinging a mace.

Was there anyone on Earth you wanted to punch in the face?
Let's just say if I saw my third-grade Hebrew school teacher, Mr. Spraragan, I might bend my "don't punch people in the face" rule. Most of my horror movie ideas came from that class.

Is there anything Quentin Tarantino shared with you on the set of *Inglourious Basterds* that you're taking to the grave?
Oh, yes. And vice versa. Which is why I will never reveal that he's the one who recommended the *Freaky Friday* remake to me.

What is your proudest accomplishment?
I am proud to be part of a wave of directors who pushed the boundaries of on-screen gore. Plus, I helped bring nudity back into horror films.

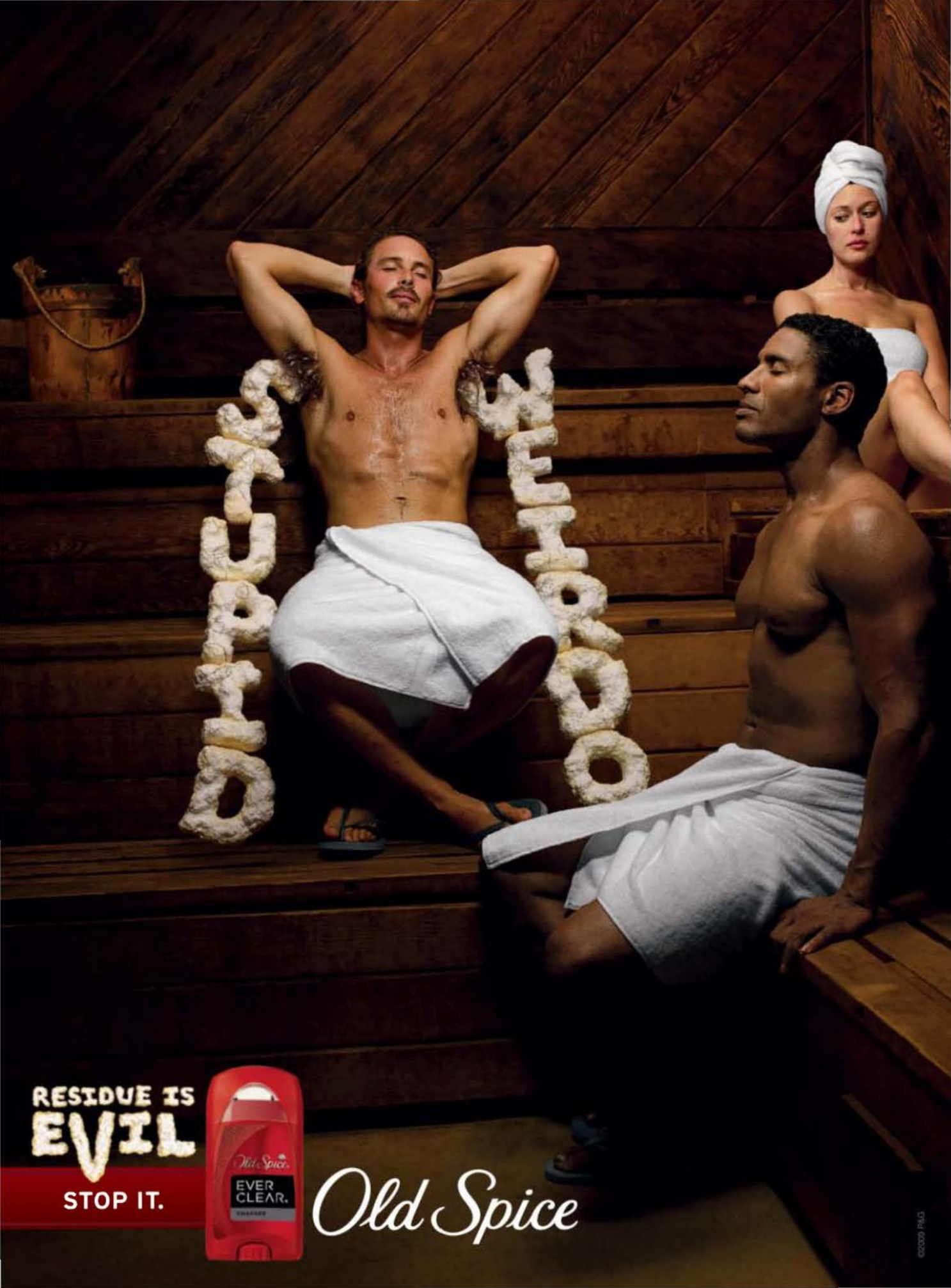
Will you be going to heaven or hell, and why?
Neither. I'm Jewish—we don't believe in that. I'll be reincarnated, hopefully as Scott Baio 2.0.

What is your biggest regret?
I turned down a threesome at Cannes.

Got any last words?
Quick, get the camera! This is going to be an *amazing* DVD extraaaaaaaahhhhhhh!!!

Inglourious Basterds storms into theaters August 21.

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM MARRS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ALEXIS DZIENA

Meet the hottest thing to happen to *Entourage* since Turtle went topless.

Over the last five seasons, the boys of *Entourage* have kicked it with their fair share of babes. (Hell, even Turtle's getting some from Jamie-Lynn Sigler.) Still, they ain't seen nothing like Alexis Dziena, who joins the gang as E's newest gal pal, Ashley. "She's different from the other girls we've seen," Alexis reveals. "She's spunky, young, and a little complex." Considering her fiery roles on screens big (*Nick & Norah's Infinite Playlist*) and small (*Invasion*), there's no reason to doubt this native New Yorker will shake up the bromance. What she likes most about *Entourage*? "It's the one half-hour of TV that couples can agree on. The girls don't need to pretend to enjoy it, like watching trucks run over each other."

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George Cabrera

Tire Shop Owner/Neighbor

"I don't think tires keep me in business, I think people keep me in business."

[STUFF]

FILL YOUR INNER EMPTINESS WITH MATERIAL GOODS

BLUE STEEL

One of the world's classic bikes gets fresh.

If you've never heard of Royal Enfield, think of it as the Harley-Davidson of India. A British brand when it was launched in 1901–making it the oldest active motorcycle company in the world–Royal Enfield is now based in the land of Vishnu. There the ride of choice for those insane enough to bike over the mighty Himalayas has been the Royal Enfield Bullet. Thing is, the Bullet hadn't had a major update since 1955. It was as old as a grandma–and would you want to ride your grandma? No, you would not. Thankfully, you don't have to. Meet the all-new Bullet Classic C5, a bike that retains the brand's iconic styling while incorporating 21st-century hardware. The Classic drops its external gearbox and gets a new 499 cc, four-stroke engine and styling cues evoking British post-World War II rides–from the rear mudguard to the hooded "tiger eye" headlamp. And since the Bullet Classic C5 costs about $2,000 less than a Brit throwback like the Triumph T100, you don't have to be a slumdog millionaire to own one. *$6,395, enfieldmotorcycles.com –Ky Henderson*

Four-Door Fury

Porsche unleashes the most scorchingest sedan ever. Hop in back, kiddies!

Right now, even Wall Street douchebags know it's not cool to slalom around lines of the unemployed in flashy new sports cars. But with two-seater sales swirling down the toilet, a new class of automobile may give free spenders cover for their me-first acquisitions: the four-door sports car. Both Aston Martin and Lamborghini have supercar sedans in development, but first out of the plus-size gate is the Porsche Panamera. Even though Porsche's inaugural four-door GT doesn't make a hot first impression (all the kaiser's men can't make this Humpty Dumpty hatchback a classically pretty egg), our initial trepidation turned to drooling desire when we drove the Panamera through the *Sound of Music* stage sets of southern Bavaria. After recovering from an impromptu pilsner-chugging Oktoberfest we staged at our Alpine Schloss the night before, we fired up the 500 hp, 4.8-liter Panamera S and began to shred. The $132,600 Turbo touches 60 mph in 4.0 seconds and tops out at a wicked 188 mph, while displaying more grip than Gov. Schwarzenegger at a Hollywood fund-raiser. On the autobahn we spurred the Turbo to 178 mph so effortlessly that our dozing backseat passenger never woke to witness us clocking the Yankee speed limit times three. Even the base model is super enough to deserve its S badge: It's got a 175 mph top speed and a 5.2-second 0–60, all for the bargain price of $89,800. And though a significant other may raise hell over a 911 or Carrera purchase, you just might be able to sneak this bona fide Porsche by her: Look, babe, it's just a sedan!—*Lawrence Ulrich*

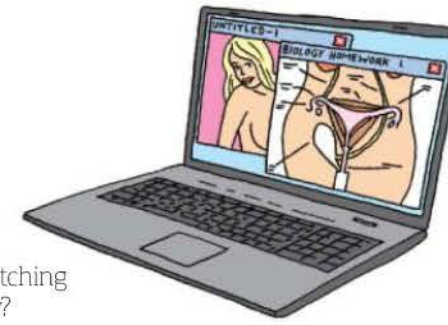
ILLUSTRATION BY ARCHAN NAIR

2010 Porsche Panamera Turbo
Price: $132,600
Horsepower: 500 at 6,500 rpm
0-60: 4 seconds
Top speed: 188 mph

THE POOR MAN'S PANAMERA

If you're looking for a sexy sedan but can't swing a Porsche price tag, test-drive the **Volkswagen CC**–and don't snicker. Like the Benz CLS that inspired it, V-Dub's "four-door coupe" disguises its practical side with a roofline curvier than Jessica Alba. In both styling and performance, we actually prefer the CC to the pricier Audi A4, whether in the affordable ($27,100) 2-liter, 200 hp turbo guise or with the luxe AWD 3.6-liter V-6 ($39,800). We hope this isn't the last time you read "sexy" and "VW" in the same sentence.–*L.U.*

Media Majors



Wide screens and HD graphics make these picture-perfect notebooks ideal for watching flicks and avoiding classwork. Which one earns a master's degree in time-wastery?

OUR PICK
TOP OF THE CLASS

Apple 15-Inch MacBook Pro

Even though its 15.4-inch, 1,440x900 screen is the smallest in our test, we could easily burn a semester watching movies (ahem, legal ones, of course...and definitely not porn) on the pricey MBP. Why? Its contrast-rich screen produces more accurate colors than the rest of these big-screen beasties and gets bright enough to physically hurt even sober eyes. That's thanks to its super-efficient LED backlight, which also helped it dominate our battery test, crapping out just 20 minutes shy of the four-hour mark. *$1,699–$2,299, apple.com*

RATING: ●●●●◐

BEST BUY

Dell XPS Studio 16

Dude...Dell has made some seriously hideous laptops (now appearing in airport bars everywhere), but its new XPS Studio series looks surprisingly debonair, with backlit keys and a leather- and aluminum-trimmed case. During a screening of *The Dark Knight* on Blu-ray, we noted that the 1080p LED-powered RGBLCD screen looked fantastic. And the two headphone jacks and TV tuner will please (or piss off) your roomie. Using its six-cell battery, we didn't always make it past two hours, though. *$999–$3,700, dell.com*

RATING: ●●●●○

HUT HUT HIKE

Pigheaded pigskin fans: The **Lingerie Football League** kicks off on September 4 at the Sears Centre in Chicago. The 10-team league will feature combat between women in sports bras and hot pants. *lflus.com*

DRINK UP

Attention, Pittsburgh lushes: Don't miss the **Steel City Big Pour** on September 12. For $45 (it's for a good cause) you can sip beers from 32 local and regional craft brewers. Iron City? Not on the list. *constructionjunction.org*

THE RACE IS ON

Twelve top drivers will compete for the NASCAR championship when the 10-race **Chase for the Sprint Cup** begins on September 20 in Loudon, NH. Down a sixer, tune in on ABC, and cheer like nobody's watching.

ILLUSTRATIONS, PETER ARKLE

HP DV6t
If you're willing to skimp on a few features, like a superfast processor and a dedicated graphics card, you can spec out the capable DV6—even with a Blu-ray drive—for well under $1,000. The 16-inch screen resolution maxes out at 1,366x768, so you'll need to hook it up to a TV via the HDMI port if you crave 1080p full HD splendor. The battery adds some extra girth but managed 2:45 in power-saver mode with wi-fi on, so it'll keep you entertained on the bus when you're bringing your dirty laundry home for Mom to wash. *$650–$2,000, HPdirect.com*

RATING: ●●●◐○

Sony VAIO FW 350
Its sleek, chisel-cut chassis may mimic the Macbook Pro's (at a much cheaper price), but VAIO's 16.4-inch, 1,440x900 screen only looks as fine when you're staring at it straight on—otherwise this pretty panel gets a serious case of washout. We dig its solid feel, snappy Core 2 Duo performance, and supersharp "motion eye" Webcam, but its battery life was just average, leaving us in the dark after 2:15. That's not even four playings of "Battle of the Asses"! *$840–$1,150, sonystyle.com*

RATING: ●●●○○

PLUG AND PLAY

Which laptop speakers rock the house?

JBL Duet II ($100)
These six-watt speakers look like champagne flutes but seemed much less classy when blasting Rascal Flatts. Testers dug the "good stereo separation" but knocked 'em for "lacking a low end." *jbl.com*

Creative GigaWorks T20W ($130)
Even without a sub, these "crystal clear" 28-watt speakers were loud enough to ignite a booty shake-off at *Maxim*. Imagine what they could do in your dorm. *us.creative.com*

Altec Lansing Expressionist Ultra ($199)
A 200-watt subwoofer means insane volume. Crank it and enjoy the "crisp highs and big, tight bottom." Then pack up, because you'll be kicked out of your building! *alteclansing.com*

BUY THESE TIX

The band that caused you to spill a billion tears is reuniting: **Sunny Day Real Estate** will again unleash their post-hardcore sound on a 20-date tour beginning September 17. Let the emoting begin! *subpop.com*

BE A STAR

This might be the next hot party game: The **Yoostar** system includes a high-res cam, a green screen, and software that will edit you and pals into clips from *Psycho*, *The Godfather*, and *Forrest Gump*. *$170, yoostar.com*

Do you have what it takes to make her purr?

BRAUN

Base Camp: Badass

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OUR PICK
JAVA TO GO

1. Perfect Pitch
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2. Double-Bagged
Wanna turn a friendship into something more? Persuade a gal pal to spend the night with you in the two-person North Face Twin Peaks BX sleeping bag. Its comfy taffeta confines make sexy-love-time a lock. But just in case your advances are rebuked, the bag stays warm down to 20°F. *$159, thenorthface.com*

3. Pot Fiend
The wizardly MSR Flex 4 smashes a full kitchen setup–two pots, strainer lids, plates, and mugs for four–into less than 1 sq.ft. Unless you drive an El Camino, you'll need that trunk space for beer. *$160, basegear.com*

4. Ground Rules
The ability to make fire? Greatly overrated. The ability to make coffee? Essential. Powered by a propane or butane canister, the Brunton BrewFire Dual-Fuel coffee maker can whip up eight cups of joe anywhere, so you can get your fix even in BFE. *$161, brunton.com*

5. Perv-o-Scope
Sure, you could use the National Geographic Night Vision Monocular for its intended purpose–watching raccoons rummage through garbage–or you could more wisely utilize its 70-foot field at 200-foot imaging range to spy on the amorous couple in the next camp-site. *$200, shop.nationalgeographic.com*

6. Attack Pack
Even if your campsite floods, the sealed seams, roll-top closure, and engineering overkill of the Arc'teryx Arrakis 40 backpack will keep your most important shit dry. So while you get soaked, at least your back issues of *Maxim* will be safe! *$399, arcteryx.com*

7. Get Found
After you've completed your vision quest, the iPhone 3GS's digital compass will help steer you back to camp. From *$199, apple.com*

WEAR THIS BAG Like a back-country Snuggie, the **Selk'bag** combines the warmth of a sleeping bag, the mobility of pajamas, the comfort of your mother's womb, and the classiness of a clown suit. from *$159, wymanoutdoors.com*

WATCH THESE FLIX New York's a lonely place when you're the only surfer in town. That won't be the case when **The New York Surf Film Festival** hits Tribeca Cinemas, from September 25 to 27. *nysurffilm.com*

PEEP THIS RIDE Gearheads will be gushing this month when Audi reveals a topless version of its sleek supercoupe–the **R8 Spyder.** It'll arrive in all of its V-10 glory next year. Want one? Get in line behind Jason Statham.

ILLUSTRATIONS, PETER ARKLE

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4xFortitude

He's hit it big with *Entourage* and *The Goods,* but Jeremy Piven still drives his classic Ford Bronco.

So how old is this thing?
It's a '72, but I've had it for about 14 years. It has seen its fair share of journeys. I've always been a fan of Broncos; I love the style and the idea of sitting up high.

Is it your daily driver?
No. If I were to drive this one all around town 24/7, it would not end well for me. I drive a Mercedes hybrid most of the time.

You could always do the Neil Young thing and convert the Bronco to run on electricity.
I think Neil Young's car runs on hugs, soup, and positivity. But it would be amazing if someone made these classic models a little more efficient. If I could get a water-based hydrogen Bronco... that'd be really with it.

In your new film you play a car salesman.
Yeah, in *The Goods* my character's a salesman who's been on the road his whole life, bouncing from one dealership to the next. It's a funny movie, just madness. Kathryn Hahn, Ving Rhames, and Dave Koechner—comedic assassins, all of them—are salespeople, too. They've gotta "move the metal," so they're slashing prices and working every angle possible. Ultimately, there's one car—one of the originals from *Smokey and the Bandit*—that my character has to sell. That's when hilarity ensues.

Did you pick up any dirty car-salesmen tricks?
Well, Kathryn Hahn's character pulls off a "Nigerian buyback." That's where you sell the car back to the guy who brought the car into the dealership in the first place, at a markup. It's very fancy. Let's just say that in the history of sales, not very many people have pulled off a Nigerian buyback.

Piven stars in *The Goods: Live Hard, Sell Hard,* in theaters now.

Piven rehearses for his upcoming appearance at a Malibu Taco Bell drive-thru.

STYLING, CRIE PRINCE; HAIR, MICHAEL WHITE/ALL CREW AGENCY; MAKEUP, HELEN ROBERTSON FOR SMASHBOX COSMETICS/CELESTINEAGENCY.COM

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF MINTON

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sex

BY HOLLY EAGLESON

Flunked Pants-Wearing 101.

Hello, My Name Is Horny

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT HOT GIRL FROM FOURTH-PERIOD HISTORY? SHE'S SINGLE, SEXY, AND READY TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME. BRING ON THE REUNION SEX!

Like so many women, Cara*, 33, had the best sex of her life on her college campus with a guy she hardly knew. "We were dancing and grinding on each other when he slipped his hand up my dress," she says of the encounter with Rich, a poli-sci major at her Southern school. "It was getting borderline obscene, so I dragged him to the bathroom. After a while people started banging on the door because they could hear me moaning." Her description of the encounter is so vivid, it's as if it happened only months ago. And it did. See, Cara's mind-blowing carnal experience took place last fall at her 10-year college reunion. She's one of dozens of women I spoke to recently who have discovered the intense pleasure of sex with a former classmate or crush from the past. And thanks to mediums like Classmates.com and Facebook, many of them have been able to reconnect even before setting foot in a gymnasium clouded with balloons and WELCOME BACK, CLASS OF '99 banners.

Cara and Rich began corresponding via a mass e-mail about ride shares to her college homecoming. "I didn't know him that well in school," she says, "but we hit it off and started IMing daily—messages that got increasingly flirtatious." By the time they met, getting to know each other's student body was a foregone conclusion. "But none of it would've happened if I'd skipped homecoming as I originally planned," she says. The lesson: It's never too late to go after the ones who got away. Your reunion could be your best chance to do high school or college all over again—literally.

State of the Reunion

It doesn't take a science degree to understand the elements of sexual chemistry at work at a reunion: Take a few hundred partyers eager to prove they've only gotten cooler with time. Mix in free-flowing booze and a heavy dose of nostalgia. Remove hang-ups about bumping into each other post-hookup. What's left is a bubbling vat of sexual energy you can count on like clockwork every five years after graduation.

But these days you don't even have to wait that long, since everyone you ever knew is just one click away online. Some schools, like Princeton, even have mobile-friendly sites that let you connect with alums via iPhone. So what's the point of hitting up the airport Holiday Inn to see the class of '99 in the flesh? How about no-strings sex with someone who's been fantasizing about you for years?

According to Gary W. Lewandowski Jr., Ph.D., associate professor of psychology at Monmouth University, the phenomenon of "positive illusion" can make a crush-harboring woman more eager than ever to sleep with you once she sees you in person. "Research shows that when you idealize someone for a long time, they actually tend to live up to that positive view when you're together," he says. "Even if they've changed from 15 years ago, they can become that person again before your eyes." ▶▶

STYLING, ERIN TURCIN; HAIR, ALBERTO GUZMAN FOR ARMANDO CORRAL/NYC; MAKEUP, JANE CHOI FOR MAC COSMETICS. SHOT ON LOCATION AT THE SMYTH TRIBECA IN NEW YORK.
*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROOKE NIPAR

Translation: You might have gained 15 pounds and lost some hair up top, but a woman who liked you in school may very well still see you as the stud-muffin you once were. And if she does, watch out. "I always had a thing for John, so when I saw him at our reunion it was like being transported back to high school," says Jessica, 28. "I got butterflies—but now that I'm older I wasn't too shy to whisper in his ear what I wanted him to do to me later that night."

If your lost love is someone you actually fooled around with, chances are the reunion sex will be hotter than you'd ever imagine. According to Eric E. Nelson, Ph.D., a neuroscientist with the National Institute of Mental Health, a cocktail of hormones like testosterone, oxytocin, and vasopressin—which boost your libido, bonding instincts, and memory, respectively—could make horny 11th graders perceive one another as the ultimate sexual thrill for the rest of their lives. "Even if you were just kissing and touching the person back then, it engages a sexual process that produces a lasting impact on memory and emotion," he says.

That once-in-a-lifetime mojo came right back for Carla, 28, and her high school sweetheart Brendan. "He used to sneak into my bedroom, and we'd fuck like rabbits almost every night junior year," she says. "I never forgot how good things were sexually. I even named my first vibrator after him." When she got the opportunity to confess her latent emotions at their 10-year reunion, puppy love transitioned into doggy style. "It was even better than I remembered. To this day he's the first and only guy to give me multiple orgasms."

Fast Times

Even if we don't have a specific former crush or boyfriend in mind, many women go to a reunion armed with a sexual agenda—and having done our homework. "I know so many girls who've gone through Facebook before a reunion to make a mental list of guys they want to sleep with," says Amber, 27. "It motivates you to find out for yourself who's still cute—or way cuter than before."

Once we ID our targets, it's just a short, woozy walk from the dance floor to the hotel, which is often on the same site. That's how Lainey, 26, ended up banging her 10th-grade crush at a camp reunion. "We were all hanging out in his room for the after-party, and I lingered longer than anyone else," she says. "Once the last person had left, at 5 A.M., I climbed on top of him, unzipped his pants, and started giving him head like I'd always wanted to when we were 16. The next day I got in a cab and took off—no messy goodbyes, no awkward conversation about a phone call that'll never come."

Because they usually only last one night—a weekend, tops—reunion hookups aren't the turbid backwater of expectations and disappointment known as ex sex. "As I've learned since high school, great sex is easier when you don't give a shit what the other person thinks of you and you have a plane ticket out of there in the morning," says Laurel, 33. At her 15-year high school reunion, she hooked up with Trent, a kid who "perfected the goth tortured-soul act" in the early '90s, but had since lost the scary jet-black hair and studded dog-collar necklace. "I never even knew if he could speak back then," she says, "but that didn't matter when he dove between my legs on the last night of reunion weekend. I got off in minutes, and I happily haven't seen him since."

This willingness to love 'em and leave 'em is also often accompanied by a boldness born of comfort with someone we already know, at least a little. Tara, 25, granted backdoor access to a former nerd after they'd taken turns tying each other up at their five-year reunion. "I felt safer showing him my wild side than some dude I just met at a bar," she says. "I had every class with him from seventh grade on."

No Resemblance to Things Past

At reunions you find that a lot of things, like personalities, stay the same postgraduation. But a few things are blessedly different—and they all make for extra-hot sex. First, our sexual peaks are mismatched no more. Not only do women want action more often than ever as we approach our 30s, but you guys have typically figured out how to last longer than the life cycle of a fruit fly. That's what Sasha, 34, found when she hooked up with a lab partner from college. "He had so much more stamina—not to mention devotion to real foreplay," she says. "I was actually exhausted the next morning."

Another change: We no longer live under the fearsome specter of abstinence education. "When I was with my high school boyfriend Tim, I thought his sperm could swim from my stomach and make me pregnant when I gave him a blow job," says Whitney, 27. "Seriously. So, no, I did not exactly have the best oral skills." It took 10 years and personal sex ed sessions with a few dozen guys before Whitney got a do-over with her grade school sweetheart. "We ended up at his place after this golf outing when I went down on him," she says. "I thought his eyes were going to pop out of his head."

Lastly, most women learn a lot more about what turns them on as they get older—which usually translates to no-holds-barred boning for you. "I didn't figure out that I was bi until my early 20s," says Taylor, 29. "I'm sure it shocked the hell out of my high school boyfriend when I showed up to my reunion with my girlfriend at the time. Though not as much as actually ending up in a threesome with us, which he did later that night."

So while reunions can be painfully awkward, they can also offer a bounty of postponed sexual conquests and a golden opportunity to fulfill a lifelong sexual dream. Unless all your schoolboy fantasies centered on your 40-ish French teacher and a wheel of stinky cheese, in which case it's probably 10 years too late. •

Memory Lame Try these last-chance lines based on your class.

	THE CHEERLEADER	THE ALT CHICK	THE VALEDICTORIAN	THE JOCK CHICK
1984	"Yes, that's a Botox needle, and, yes, I'm happy to see you."	"I don't care what Robert Smith said. Boys *do* cry."	"If I can paraphrase Reagan, 'Tear down those panties!'"	"You make me flip like Mary Lou Retton."
1989	"I was George Michael's ass double once."	"God, I wish we'd seen a Replacements show together."	"Wanna put the 'head' in 'head of the class'?"	"If you were Greg LeMond, you'd win the Tour de My Pants."
1999	"Hit me, baby, one more time?"	"Were you in the Trench Coat Mafia? Because you slay me."	"Your tag should read Napster: You've illegally downloaded my heart."	"I bet you look better in a sports bra than Brandi Chastain."
2004	"Why not make like the Statue of Liberty and reopen for visitors?"	"I haven't made love since Johnny Ramone died."	"I named my boner John Kerry. Wanna defeat it with Bush?"	"I can last longer than Yanks–Red Sox game five."

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music

BY CHRIS NORRIS

TIM KLEIN

Saved by Rock'n'Roll

AFTER ALMOST A DECADE AND A HALF AS THE BEST BAND IN AMERICA, CAN WILCO SURVIVE HAPPINESS?

The leader of the Great American Band made his most celebrated album while puking his guts out in a studio bathroom with crippling migraines. He made its successor so lost in a Vicodin haze that the whole period was something of a lost weekend. Both events had their upsides: The albums were rock masterpieces—odd and comforting, full of dislocation, radio static, and melodies meant to heal the pain of being adrift in the modern world. They won Wilco phenomenal critical acclaim and a huge, rabid following for live shows where they play experimental music as kick-ass rock'n'roll. The downside of these albums is that they nearly killed Jeff Tweedy.

Yet here he sits in a rambling Chicago loft, enjoying a Diet Coke, a quiet Monday, and the new (and excellent) *Wilco (The Album)*. All this is contrary to some very durable rock clichés, the druggy tortured artist chief among them. "There's all these different ways in which that mythology has beaten itself into people's heads, mine included," Tweedy says in a slightly creaky voice. "Well-adjusted, happy, and productive artists don't get a lot of ink. Nor does how many awful, awful records are made on drugs, or how many don't get made because people are dead. The fact of the matter is I didn't really write when I was fucked up."

After leading a quick tour of the band's longtime studio on the third floor of an industrial building—past organs, a Mellotron, and other instrumental exotica; past bunk beds, vintage radios, and autographed photos of Don Rickles and Bob Newhart; and past a drum isolation booth filled with naked male mannequins—Wilco's singer-songwriter has settled at a glass table in the kitchen area. Wearing an orange T-shirt, gray cords, a Milwaukee Brewers cap, and a janitor-size clump of keys, the 41-year-old has the kind of shaggy, gray-streaked hair and amiable, careworn face you might expect to see through a squeegee-streaked windshield at a Midwestern filling station. He's a strange breed of rock star at a strange moment in his life. For the first time in a career stretching back more than two decades, he's comfortable being comfortable. Years after forming Wilco from the ashes of alt-country group Uncle Tupelo in 1994, Tweedy has evolved into a confident yet sui generis frontman: a retiring but magnetic persona, an archivist of rootsy Americana who crafts misty sci-fi soundscapes, a poetic soul often physically pained by performing, a countrified Kurt Cobain leading a Midwestern Radiohead—which is not an epithet he treasures.

"I actually apologized to them for any humiliation that comparison might have caused over the years," he says of Radiohead's Phil Selway and Ed O'Brien, whom he joined on an Oxfam charity record at the New Zealand studio of Crowded House's Neil Finn. While there Tweedy, bassist John Stirratt, drummer Glenn Kotche, and multi-instrumentalist Pat Sansone recorded much of the new and most confident album of Wilco's career—a career that ▶▶

For those about to Barack, we salute you.

has often been on the verge of an early death.

The most notorious Sturm und Drang was captured in the 2002 documentary *I Am Trying to Break Your Heart*, which covered the making of Wilco's *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*—an album that, in typical Wilco fashion, both got them dropped from their major label and launched them as a commercial powerhouse. When Reprise Records balked at the disc's static-shrouded, hook-light songs, Wilco streamed it on their Web site, where it won a devoted following and, eventually, a deal with Nonesuch Records. Less an album than a paradigm shift, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* went on to sell 647,000 copies (despite being offered for free) and win pretty much every critical superlative there is.

But while the album's story cemented Wilco as a triumphant David to the Goliath of a doomed record industry, it also revealed ominous fissures: between the band and longtime member Jay Bennett (who was fired from Wilco in 2001) and in the mental health of Tweedy, who spends the film's more memorable moments racked in visible agony, his battles with anxiety and migraine headaches punctuated by gut-hurling genuflections in the toilet stall.

Those chronic ailments drove the yet darker events that accompanied *YHF*'s follow-up album, *A Ghost Is Born*, during which the singer, who had become addicted to painkillers prescribed for his migraines, made a desperate attempt to quit all medication and suffered a complete collapse. "He was in the worst state I had ever seen him in," recalls bassist John Stirratt, Tweedy's sole consistent Wilco band mate from the beginning. "Just completely in pain, panicky, not able to be in a room with anybody. I thought it could be the end of the band."

The album's 2007 successor, *Sky Blue Sky*, was to some extent a head-clearing exercise for Tweedy, who was fresh from rehab. "Around that point it was really important for me to be as direct as possible," he says. *Sky Blue Sky* was Wilco's highest-charting album, although its '70s-tinged guitar jams strayed far enough into Seals and Crofts territory to prompt the barbed critical epithet "dad rock."

Wilco (The Album), on the other hand, sounds neither nostalgic nor pointedly experimental. Instead, it offers a focused collection of poetic, emotionally direct songs that explore fear, loss, and love from a midlife perspective. The critical response has been typically rapturous, and as the band's summer tour has proved, the album lends itself to some epic live performances. "To me it's a lot of the things that are identifiable as Wilco," Tweedy explains. "Just done more confidently and in one place."

Much of Tweedy's new creative freedom came from sloughing off a mind-set that both fuels addictions and defines much of the post-punk, we-suck culture that formed him. "God, it feels really good to put that away," he says of the self-loathing "alternative" ethos. "As awesome as punk rock was, it caused a lot of damage to a lot of things that are pretty great. Like musicianship. And...caring." He laughs. "It's a lot of work to pretend you don't care. And I've come to believe it's dishonest to deny yourself enjoyment, pride, confidence—which people somehow think is an affront to the world. 'Oh, he really likes himself. What an asshole.'"

This kind of thing once made Tweedy one of the legions of artists who equate health and happiness with creative death—an impression only underscored in cultural fixtures like the third-act *Behind the Music* moment where the drug-free musician exults in his hard-won sobriety.

While Tweedy says his biggest current vice is crossword puzzles ("just, like, the lamest rock star thing to have"), he attests to the humility necessary to keep addictions at bay. "I took great pride in calling James Frey a fucking fraud before anybody else did," he says of the author of *A Million Little Pieces*, who famously romanticized/fabricated his own struggles with addiction. "I read that book and was like, 'This is not only bullshit, it's totally irresponsible bullshit.' That whole idea of willpower, and him being so macho about it. That's exactly the kind of shit that got me in the hospital."

Just three weeks after we talk, proof of these same crippling impulses will come with news that Bennett—Tweedy's sideman of seven years—overdosed on painkillers at 45 after years of battling his own demons.

The triumph of *Wilco (The Album)* ably rebuts the tortured-artist ideal. "It's obvious that with Jeff, the faucet is on more than ever," says drummer Glenn Kotche. "Before it was like Jeff was using pills as a crutch for writing. But it's pretty clear that he didn't need them, because the songwriting on this record is better than anything he's done before." Wilco's current stature also testifies to a larger, post-generational music bloc—a big-tent audience Wilco has built up over years of touring, one that revels in the classics yet thrives in the present. The band's most famous fan just happens to be the most famous guy in the world, Barack Obama, whom Tweedy befriended when the latter was an unknown Senate candidate from Chicago.

As we finish talking, Tweedy prepares to go pick up his sons, Sam and Spencer. The latter, an alarmingly precocious 13-year-old whose band, the Blisters, has played alongside Wilco, had his bar mitzvah two days ago. (Tweedy's wife, Sue Miller, is Jewish.) In a week the popular blog spencertweedy.com will bear the following post: "One of the most special parts of my service was when my dad sang 'Forever Young' by Bob Dylan...When I was a little kid, my dad would play a song for me every night. Sometimes I still cry—in a sentimental, nice way—when I think of those times."

As he pulls on a windbreaker, Tweedy recalls one last, telling aspect from the collaborations in New Zealand. "It was really family-oriented," he says of the sessions with members of Radiohead, the Smiths, and other giants. "They were all musicians who had managed to be around for a long time and were in long-term relationships with kids." He chuckles and heads for the door. "Dad rock's got more going for it than people want to give it credit for." •

WILCO'S PERFECT 10

"MISUNDERSTOOD"
Being There (1996)
Heartbreaking chorus, spastic outro–goodbye, alt-country; hello, freak rock!

"CALIFORNIA STARS"
Mermaid Avenue (1998)
Woody Guthrie's words + Wilco and Billy Bragg's tune = instant classic.

"SHE'S A JAR"
Summerteeth (1999)
Never has domestic abuse sounded so achingly beautiful.

"A SHOT IN THE ARM"
Summerteeth (1999)
Wilco channels Phil Spector, Brian Wilson, and the Beatles.

"I AM TRYING TO BREAK YOUR HEART"
Yankee Hotel Foxtrot (2002)
The sound of rock'n'roll falling apart and being put back together.

"HEAVY METAL DRUMMER"
Yankee Hotel Foxtrot (2002)
Sugar- and sex-filled memories of that summer you first smoked pot.

"THE LATE GREATS"
A Ghost Is Born (2004)
The album's last track evokes the exhilarating world of life on the road.

"IMPOSSIBLE GERMANY"
Sky Blue Sky (2007)
A deeply weird guitarfest that bridges the gap between soft rock and freak-out.

"WILCO (THE SONG)"
Wilco (The Album) (2009)
Finally, a mission statement, eight albums in.

"I'LL FIGHT"
Wilco (The Album) (2009)
At once driving and comforting, fierce and gorgeous.

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TV MA
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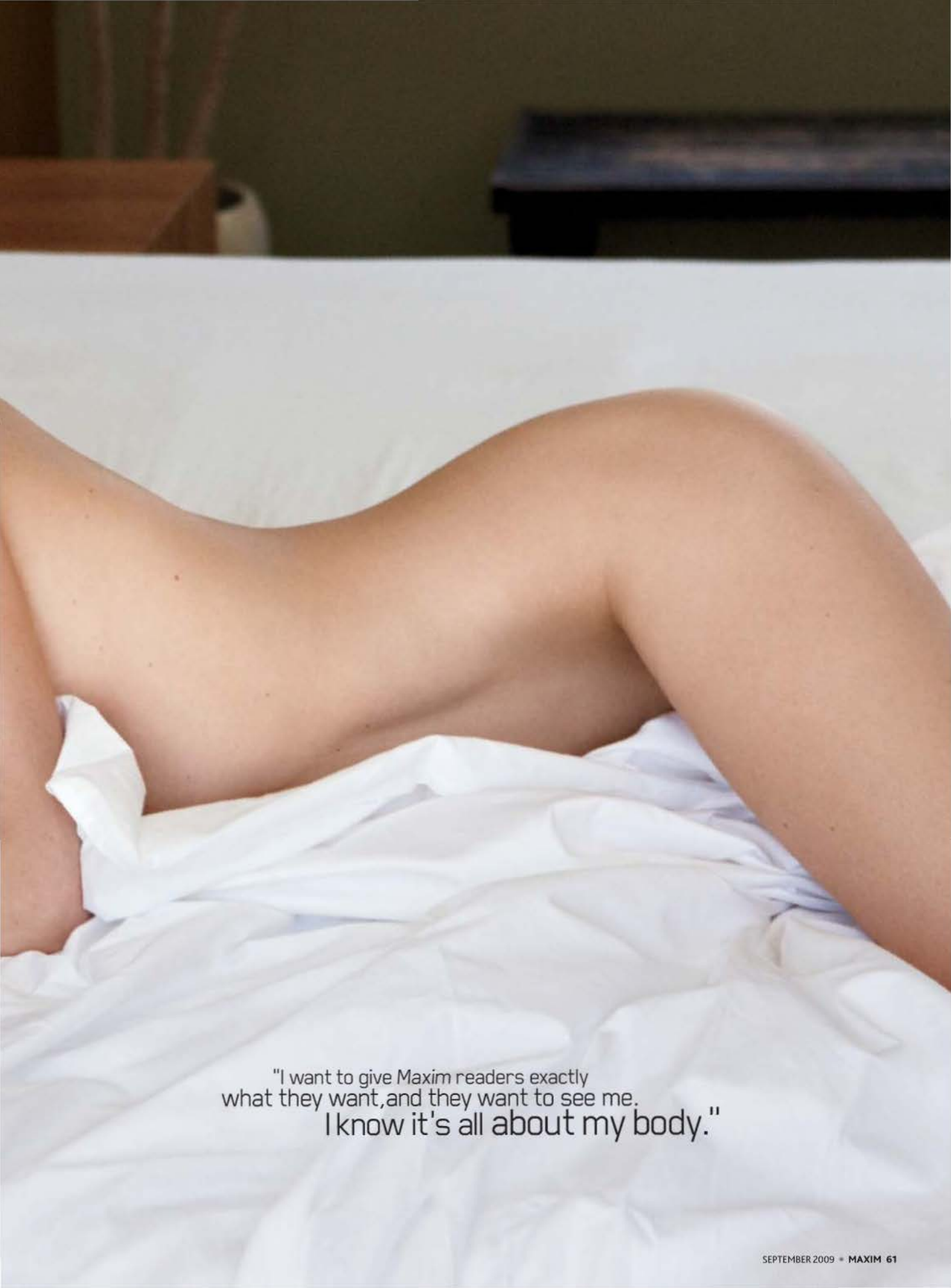
She's added a heaping spoonful of sexy to some of the greatest guy flicks ever. Now, with the honeymoon-gone-bad thriller *A Perfect Getaway* hitting theaters,

Milla Jovovich

is ready to make you fall in love all over again.

By Patrick Carone
Photographs by Matt Jones



"I want to give *Maxim* readers exactly
what they want, and they want to see me.
I know it's all about my body."

THAT'S WHAT WE LOVE ABOUT MILLA JOVOVICH, MAN: We get older, she stays the same stone-cold fox. The barely legal joint-rolling GF she played in 1993's stoner opus *Dazed and Confused* made her multisyllabic Ukrainian name somehow easily pronounceable to dudes the world over. Subsequent roles in you-actually-own-the-DVD classics such as *The Fifth Element*, *Zoolander*, and the *Resident Evil* series have ensured her place in the "hot chicks in awesome flicks" hall of fame. As her thriller about a really, *really* bad vacation, *A Perfect Getaway*, hits theaters and she gets in shape for (shhh!) *Resident Evil 4*, Milla tells us about brushes with death (scary!), how it feels to be an object of geeky obsession (listen up, Poindexter!), and the embarrassing item that's hanging on her grandma's wall (sorry, Babushka!).

This isn't your first time on the cover of *Maxim*. How does it feel the second time around?
It's very cool. I was so excited for the shoot, and it was funny, because your stylist was like, "It's up to you how far you want to go. We have dresses and all that." I was like, "Look, I do *Vogue*, OK? I'm not doing this to advertise a designer; I had a little girl recently, and I'm doing this to show my post-baby body." Lingerie and a sheet were all I needed.

Well, we appreciate that!
I know it's all about my body. I want to give readers exactly what they want, and they want to see me.

***A Perfect Getaway* seems pretty intense.**
Oh, yeah. It's a thriller, but it's also a bit of a mystery. Steve Zahn and I play a couple on our honeymoon in Hawaii, and we take this super-rough hike. The movie takes a very frightening turn when we learn that there are killers on the loose. It's definitely a twister.

Have you ever been on a really bad vacation?
I had a grueling trip to Peru once. I was in the middle of nowhere with my mom and a couple of friends, and we just weren't prepared for the intensity of the hikes. At one point my mom was like (*in Russian accent*), "They must send helicopter, or I will have heart attack." I was worried we might not make it out alive!

You've been working since you were very young.
Yup, I've been modeling since I was 11 years old.

Yet compared with other young celebrities, you pretty much stayed out of trouble. What would you say was the most rebellious thing you did?
Probably being on the cover of *High Times* as a teen.

Wow, how did that happen?
I was performing music at that time—and smoking pot—and the guys from *High Times* came to one of my shows. They were like, "Hey, wanna be on the cover?" It was just one of those stupid things you do when you're young. I thought it was a big joke, but my poor mom was so mortified. But it could've been a lot worse. When you look at all the horror stories of young, successful kids, I'm glad I didn't end up dead.

Do you ever watch your old movies?
I actually saw *Zoolander* the other day. It was funny, man. I heard something about a sequel, and if they do it, I really hope they bring back Katinka.

What about a *Fifth Element* sequel?
No, I don't think so. And if there were one, there'd have to be another incarnation of my character. Leeloo has to stay forever the way she was. She's very special.

And is there really going to be a fourth *Resident Evil*?
Yeah, we start shooting at the end of this month.

Can you tell us anything about the plot?
I'd get in a lot of trouble if I hinted at anything. Let's just say that the clones come back and leave it at that.

What kind of training are you doing for the movie?
I do a lot of training for these films so I can do my own stunts. I think fans of *Resident Evil* love to know that it's really me doing everything. I definitely want to give that to them.

Considering the types of movies you're famous for, how do you feel about being a dream girl for geeks?
I love that, man! I think it's great, because it means that smart men like me. Plus, nerdy guys are always the cool ones in the end. I mean, who wants to date a stupid jock? I think that, eventually, the nerds get the cool girls. Just do what you do really well and everything else will fall into place.

You've also got a movie coming out called *Stone* that stars Robert De Niro and Ed Norton. Nice job!
Yes, I just finished filming that. It was such an incredible project, and I was so happy to get it. I worked really hard for the part...I had to do some really intense auditioning with Edward and Bob.

Isn't it great to be able to call him Bob?
It really is. The first time I met him, he said, "Oh, call me Bob." I was like, "Oh, sure!" Then when I got the part, I literally started crying. People ask, "What are some of the high points of your life?" Number one would have to be the birth of my daughter, but number two would be this movie.

Not being on the cover of *High Times*?
Ha, no, that's not a high point. No pun intended.

Do you still have a copy of that issue, by the way?
Actually, there's this big painting of me on the cover that my 86-year-old grandma has on her wall! I'm smoking a big fat hoochie joint, but I don't think she understands what it is. I said to my mom, "How could you put that on Babushka's wall?" She's like, "Where else to put it? It's an embarrassment... and nobody comes to Babushka's house anyway." ●

STYLING, TARA SWENNEN AT THE WALL GROUP; HAIR, ERIC GABRIEL FOR THE WALL GROUP; MAKEUP, VANESSA SCALI FOR SHU UEMURA AT TRACEYMATTINGLY.COM

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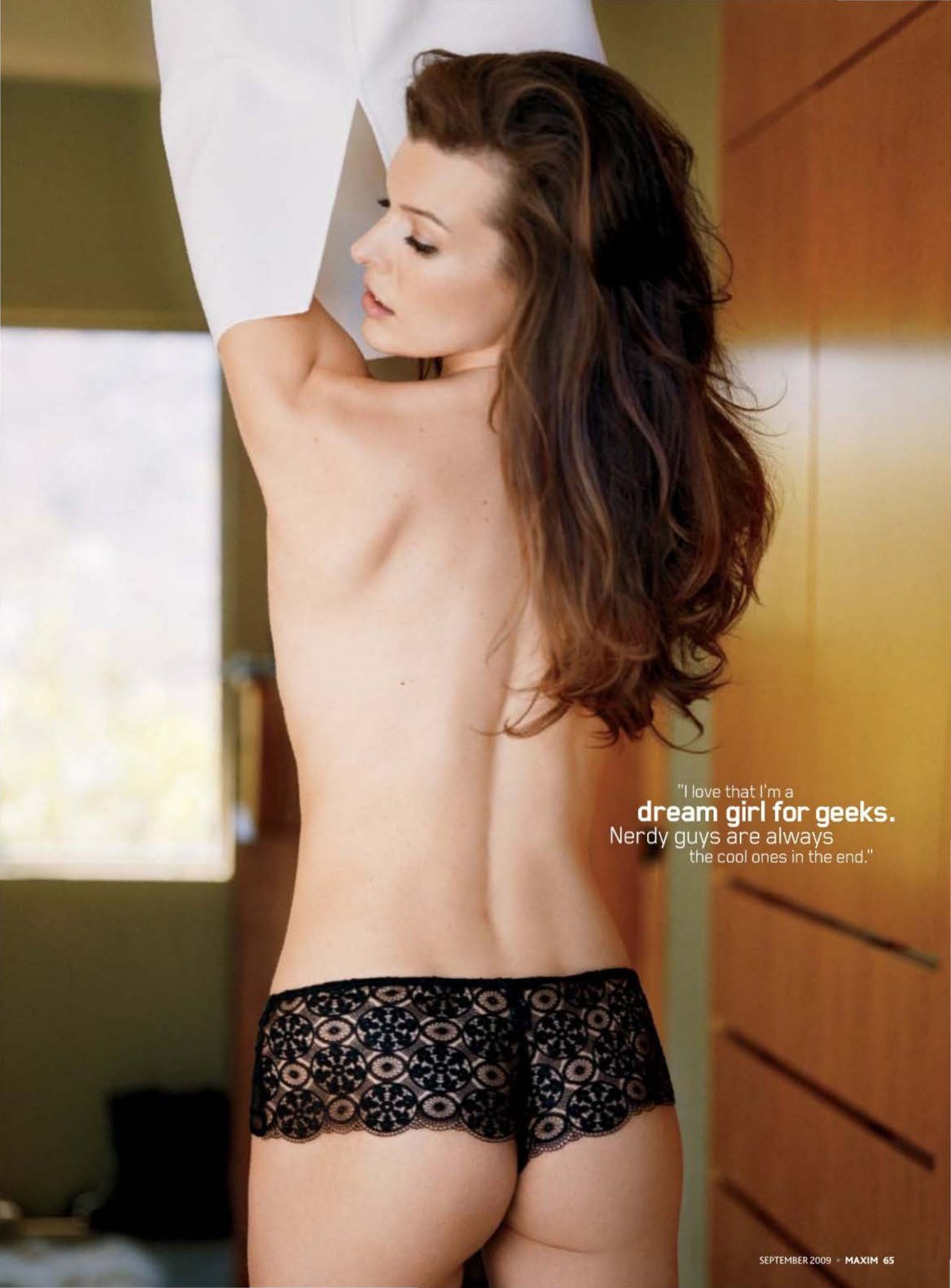
Opening spread, from left: **Foxers** lace bra; **La Perla** garter panty, **Victoria's Secret** bra, **Wolford** thigh-highs. Previous page: **Gucci** pumps. This spread: White scarf available at Curve L.A.; **La Perla** lace panty available at Vionnet L.A.


"I love that I'm a
dream girl for geeks.
Nerdy guys are always
the cool ones in the end."

ICON

BY JOSH EELLS PHOTOGRAPH BY GAVIN BOND

The Green Day frontman talks manscaping, getting stoned, and two decades (really!) of making punk rock safe for the masses.

Billie Joe Armstrong

Should we call you Billie Joe or B.J.?
Some people call me Billie, some call me Billie Joe—either is fine. But only my father-in-law calls me B.J. And he's the only one who's allowed to.

Got it. So, B.J., what's the coolest thing about being in the most ginormous punk band on the planet?
Playing the big shows. You look out at an arena filled with 50,000 people going totally nuts, and you think, Holy fuck, there's no place in the world I'd rather be than right here, right now.

Not bad for a high school dropout. Do you ever regret quitting school?
Not really. I was so far behind that it basically would have been impossible for me to graduate. We'd started the band, we were playing shows, and we'd just recorded our first EP. I finally realized that high school didn't make any sense for me then. So I quit. But things seem to have turned out pretty good for me.

What were you like as a kid? Class clown? Ladies' man?
I mostly just smoked a lot of weed. We didn't have much money, so we had to ration a lot: cleaning the pipe for the resin, typical stoner shit. Every time I tried to quit smoking pot, they'd come out with some new invention like gravity bongs, and I would think, Well, I can't quit now, I haven't tried that yet!

You have famously chugged Robitussin, smoked pot, and taken truckloads of speed. What drug will you never do again?
Definitely acid. I don't regret doing it, but I sure as fuck wouldn't do it now. I'm way too neurotic. I'd be, like, sitting in the corner sucking my thumb for nine hours.

Green Day might be the most political band in rock right now. Would you ever run for office?
Nah. I was in the Green Party for a while, and I'd like to be more politically active, but running for office would be a drag. It's way too... "Christian." You have to be such a saint. Which basically means you have to be a liar.

There's a new stage musical based on *American Idiot*. Have you ever thought about acting?
I got a lot of offers in the mid-'90s, around the time of *Dookie*, typical clichéd teenage shit. But I wouldn't want to do film right off the bat. I'd rather start small—maybe a play or an Internet skit on Funny or Die. I like to make people laugh.

Who would play you in a biopic?
God, I don't know. Someone taller than me would be cool. No, someone shorter, like Tom Cruise! Like in the Doors movie, how everyone was uglier than the people actually in the band.

You've been married to the same woman since you were 21. Please defend monogamy.
I've known Adrienne for 19 years, so there's a trust and a faith there. You can get into some freaky shit! Plus, if you have one day where the sex is disappointing, you've always got another shot to redeem yourself.

All right, Mr. Hair-Dye-and-Guyliner: Does the carpet match the curtains?
Actually I'm running hardwood floors. [*Laughs*] A little manscaping is a great thing. You gotta keep it tight.

You have two sons, ages 10 and 14. What kind of dad are you?
I'm all kinds of dad. There's a side of me that can be pretty conservative—but on the other hand, my sons will bring their friends to shows, and they'll be like, "Holy shit, look at those tattoos! Your dad is crazy!" I used to coach Little League, too, until they were 10. Then I was out of my depth. My skill level is that of a decent 11-year-old.

Have you talked to your sons about your 2003 DUI arrest?
No, and I never will. No one wants to hear about the night their dad spent in jail. That's one thing in my life I'm not proud of—it was a dangerous situation. It was one of those "everything" nights—beer, wine, shots. And I'm only about 5'8" and 145 pounds. On the way home I ran a red light, and the next thing I knew I was in the back of a cop car. Not one of my prouder moments.

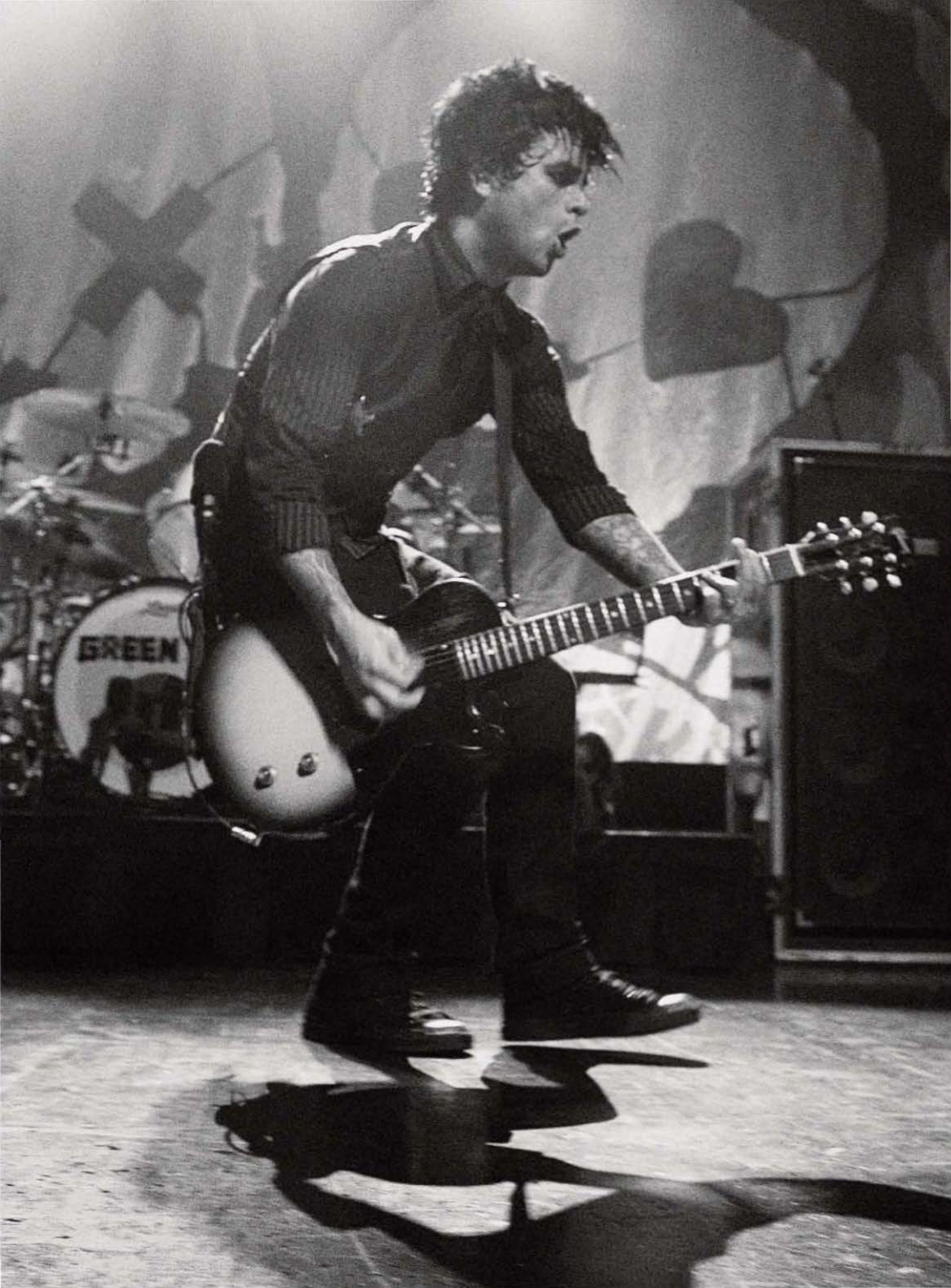
"I HEAR THEY'RE TRYING TO FIND A NEW KING OF POP. I'D LIKE TO THROW MY HAT INTO THE RING."

Did it hurt your feelings when Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols called Green Day "phony" and "a wank outfit"?
No. That guy doesn't really have anything nice to say about anybody. He's kind of a harmless old man. Who cares? It's all just pissing contests.

Speaking of which—is it true you sometimes piss the bed?
OK, this is what happens: If I'm wasted, I have a hard time finding the bathroom. So it's not peeing the bed—it's peeing wherever I am. Like a few months ago I came home pretty drunk, and the next day Adrienne goes, "Do you know you went to the bathroom in the closet last night? You flushed the hanger."

You're not exactly known as a religious guy. What do you think happens when we kick the bucket?
I'm pretty sure I'll have to settle some disagreements with the Man Upstairs when my time comes. But at least I'm not Michael Jackson, with Elvis Presley waiting in heaven to kick my ass. Elvis is up there right now with a pair of brass knuckles with Michael's name on them. Speaking of which, I hear they're trying to find a new King of Pop. I'd like to throw my hat into the ring.

Done. But when it's finally your time to go, what do you want your tombstone to say?
I don't care—as long as it's not TIME OF YOUR LIFE. ●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MAXIM

THE *AMAZING!* INCREDIBLE! UNCANNY ORAL HISTORY OF MARVEL COMICS

THE COMPANY THAT BROUGHT YOU THE LIKES OF SPIDER-MAN, WOLVERINE, IRON MAN, AND THE HULK TURNS 70. AND LIKE EVERY GOOD SUPERHERO, MARVEL COMICS HAS QUITE AN ORIGIN STORY.

BY *SEAN T. COLLINS*
ILLUSTRATION BY
JOHN ROMITA JR.
EXCLUSIVELY FOR *MAXIM*

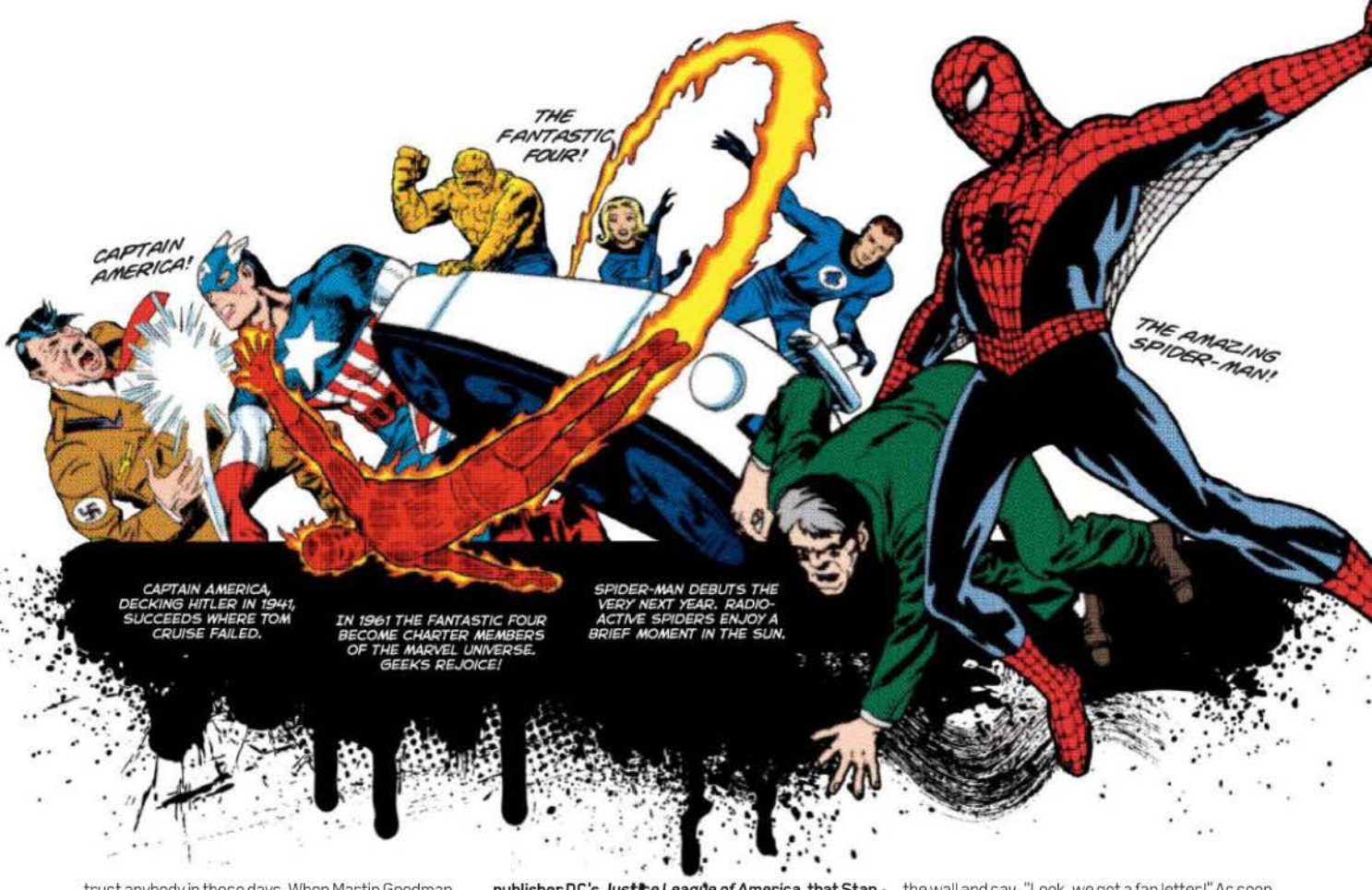
THE GOLDEN AGE...

Before Marvel became the near-billion-dollar entertainment juggernaut it is today, the company started as humble Timely Comics. This disposable pulp factory from publisher Martin Goodman—staffed by a skeleton crew of teens and twenty-somethings—launched in 1939 with *Marvel Comics #1*, starring Carl Burgos and Bill Everett's grim, garish heroes the Human Torch and Namor the Sub-Mariner, respectively. Far from hoping to build a multimedia empire, staffers Joe Simon, Jack Kirby, and Stan Lee (above) just wanted to make a living.

JOE SIMON (editor, 1939–1941; cocreator of Captain America) This was the Depression, and I was out of a job. An art director in New York looked at my portfolio and suggested a new type of magazine making a lot of waves—comic books.

STAN LEE (editor in chief, 1941–1942, 1945–1972; cocreator of Spider-Man, X-Men, the Hulk, the Fantastic Four, Iron Man, Thor, Dr. Strange, and Daredevil) My cousin's husband, Martin Goodman, published men's magazines, romance magazines, pulps, all kinds of things. His philosophy was: Find out what's selling and copy it. He was the great follower.

JOE SIMON We had the Human Torch and the Sub-Mariner. [Writer-artist] Jack Kirby and I used to get ideas and put them on our shelves. We didn't


CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA, DECKING HITLER IN 1941, SUCCEEDS WHERE TOM CRUISE FAILED.
IN 1961 THE FANTASTIC FOUR BECOME CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE. GEEKS REJOICE!
SPIDER-MAN DEBUTS THE VERY NEXT YEAR. RADIOACTIVE SPIDERS ENJOY A BRIEF MOMENT IN THE SUN.

trust anybody in those days. When Martin Goodman came to me and asked if I had anything, there was almost a whole issue of Captain America ready to go.

STAN LEE I heard that Martin needed an assistant, so I figured I might as well get out into the real world. I'm still waiting to get out there.

JOE SIMON Stan Lee used to follow us around. He was our little kid, made us laugh. Kirby hated him from the beginning. I thought he was cute.

STAN LEE I don't think becoming editor in chief had to do with my qualifications—there was nobody else.

JOE SIMON The royalty Martin paid us was never realistic. We got a little pissed off.

STAN LEE Suddenly, Kirby and Simon left. Martin looked around and said, "Hey, do you think you could hold down this job until I can get an adult?"

JOE SIMON Stan was always embarrassed about being related to Martin. Three years ago he called me and said, "When I do interviews, I tell the story that I was walking down the hall and ran into Martin, and Martin says, 'What are you doing here?' I tell Martin, 'I work here,' and Martin says, 'Wow, that's a coincidence!'" I said, "Stan, that couldn't have happened." He says, "Why not?" "We didn't have a hall."

THE MARVEL UNIVERSE'S BIG BANG

When the superhero craze died down after World War II, Goodman ordered his comics company—renamed Atlas in 1951—to crank out romances, westerns, funny animal books, horror stories, anything that sold. It wasn't until the fall of 1961, when Goodman instructed Lee to chase the sales of rival publisher DC's *Justice League of America*, that Stan and Jack Kirby (now back in the fold) really struck out on their own with *The Fantastic Four #1*. An instant sales phenomenon, rivaled the next summer with the debut of Spider-Man, the book gave birth to the shared world of heroes and villains known as the Marvel Universe. Its flawed characters appeared in one another's comics, teamed up against one another's enemies, and learned from their experiences. Kicking off a comic book revival known as the Silver Age, it changed the industry forever.

STAN LEE I felt I wasn't getting anywhere. I used to say to my wife, "Should the company go out of business"—and once or twice we came close—"what do I do?" You couldn't go to *Time* magazine and say, "I wanna write for you. I used to write *Silly Seal and Ziggy Pig*." I loved doing comics, but where was the future?

JOE SINNOTT (*Fantastic Four* inker, 1965–1981) At the time Stan created the Fantastic Four, we thought it was just another story. We were wrong.

ROY THOMAS (editor in chief, 1972–1974; *Conan the Barbarian* writer, 1970–1980; cocreator of Red Sonja and Iron Fist) I bought *Fantastic Four #1* off the stands. I fell in love with the Thing.

JOE SINNOTT Stan mailed me *Fantastic Four #5* to work on. I had never seen anything like that before.

MARV WOLFMAN (editor in chief, 1975–1976; cocreator of Blade) The characters acted very differently from the other comics. They weren't always friendly, and they seemed to live between episodes. That idea of continuity was picked up by all media, not just superhero comics. In the past every episode of a TV show was stand-alone. Marvel changed that.

STAN LEE Before we did Fantastic Four, we might get one letter saying, "I bought one of your books and the staple came out. I want my dime back." I'd hang it on the wall and say, "Look, we got a fan letter!" As soon as we brought out the Fantastic Four, we started getting real letters. You didn't need a house to fall on you to realize you were onto something.

JOE SINNOTT That's when comic books took off—the second coming of the Superhero Age.

STAN LEE I'd say to myself, "What kind of character hasn't been done yet?" With Spider-Man I was just trying to think of a superpower that no one had used.

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN (*Lost* writer, 2007–2009; cocreator of Runaways and the Hood) If you're an awkward nerd, it's a slam dunk to read about Peter Parker, who is an awkward nerd with money problems and girl problems, but gets to live this other life as a wisecracking hero.

STAN LEE We couldn't do enough superhero books. Everybody was clamoring for them.

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN In a couple of years, they created dozens of characters that have lasted decades and become hit movie franchises. It's totally unbelievable how hard that is to do. It's like the Beatles.

MAKE MINE MARVEL

For a baby boomer audience quickly outgrowing the simplistic, square-jawed superheroics of DC's Superman, Batman, and the Flash, Lee and company's heroes were perfect: angsty, intelligent, rejected by society, even beset by physical handicaps. Pre-emo teens looking for an outlet and college kids eager to expand their minds helped nearly double Marvel's annual sales in four years. While artists like Kirby and Steve Ditko added personal style and psychedelic flourishes to Lee's soap-operatic stories, Lee became an in-demand speaker on campuses and a fixture in

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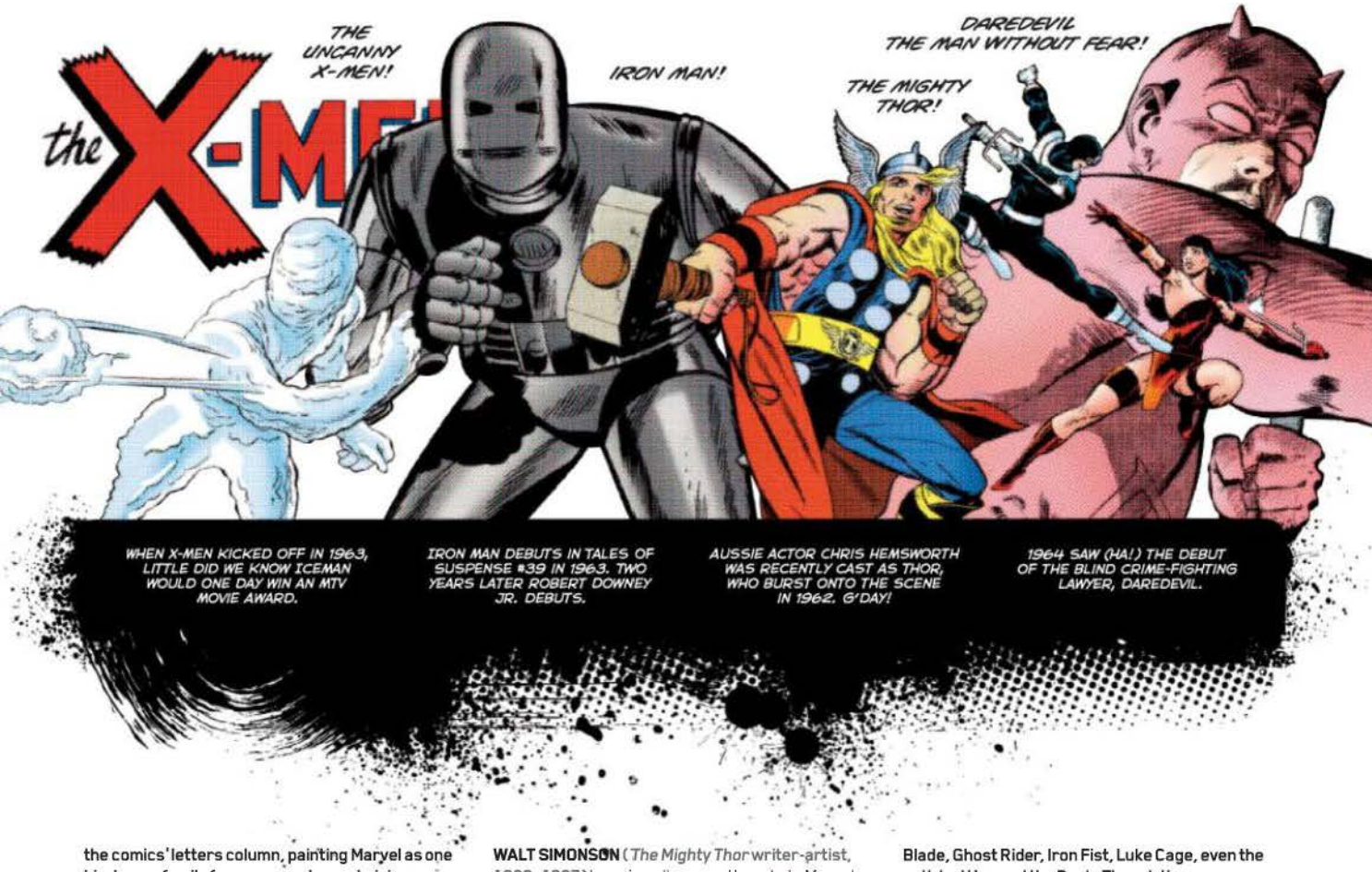
the X-MEN
THE UNCANNY X-MEN!
IRON MAN!
THE MIGHTY THOR!
DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
WHEN X-MEN KICKED OFF IN 1963, LITTLE DID WE KNOW ICEMAN WOULD ONE DAY WIN AN MTV MOVIE AWARD.
IRON MAN DEBUTS IN TALES OF SUSPENSE #39 IN 1963. TWO YEARS LATER ROBERT DOWNEY JR. DEBUTS.
AUSSIE ACTOR CHRIS HEMSWORTH WAS RECENTLY CAST AS THOR, WHO BURST ONTO THE SCENE IN 1962. G'DAY!
1964 SAW (HA!) THE DEBUT OF THE BLIND CRIME-FIGHTING LAWYER, DAREDEVIL.

the comics' letters column, painting Marvel as one big, happy family fans were welcome to join.

STAN LEE I worked with the most brilliant artists: Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko, John Romita Sr., John Buscema, Gil Kane, Gene Colan, Dick Ayers. I don't think we'd have been so successful if not for those guys.

LOUISE SIMONSON (*X-Men* line writer-editor, 1980–1991) Jack Kirby is the Picasso of American comic books. The man was a genius.

GARY GROTH (*The Comics Journal* editor, 1976–present; copublisher of *Ghost World*) There was a lot of pain in Kirby's work. Ben Grimm was always pissed off about being the Thing, the Hulk was in a constant state of angst– these guys clearly suffered!

JIM STERANKO (*Strange Tales; Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.* writer-artist, 1966–1968) Marvel was in a different dimension than DC. One embraced a bravura ideology; the other was pragmatic and elitist. One was exhilarating; the other, exhausting.

GARY GROTH Kirby drew buildings and boulders and streets that felt real, whereas the same landscapes at DC looked like they were all made out of balsa wood. His fight scenes were down-and-dirty, where people really looked like they were pummeling each other.

CHRIS CLAREMONT (*Uncanny X-Men* writer, 1975–1991) DC's theory was that you cycled through an audience every three years. Stan's revolutionary concept was, Why not just keep moving ahead?

JOHN ROMITA JR. (*Amazing Spider-Man, X-Men, Daredevil* artist, 1978–present) My father was working for DC, and he would bring home *Superman*. It was so childish to me–and I was a kid! But then he left to work on *Daredevil*. He'd explain it: "This is Daredevil, and he's blind." "He's blind? He's surrounded! How's he gonna get out of there?" I was hooked.

WALT SIMONSON (*The Mighty Thor* writer-artist, 1983–1987) I was in college, and I wrote to Marvel and asked for a copy of *Journey Into Mystery #122*. One day a copy showed up with a card that said, "Couldn't let you down. Enjoy the comic–from Stan and the gang." I went bat-shit.

HERB TRIMPE (*The Incredible Hulk* artist, 1968–1977; cocreator of Wolverine) The office was laid-back–no cards, no ID, no locks–you just walked in. Sometimes fans would come in, and if someone wasn't busy they'd show them around.

STAN LEE After a while Jack and Steve especially were practically doing whole plots. I might have been writing an X-Men story for Jack when Steve Ditko would say, "I need the next Spider-Man story." I couldn't let Steve stand around with nothing to do, so I'd say, "Steve, I don't have the script, but let's get a villain called the Vulture; he does this and that, and then Spidey ends up beating him this way in the end. Draw it any way you want." Jack and Steve were so imaginative–I'd just tie everything together with dialogue. I loved them. I was very sorry when they left. "Very sorry" is putting it mildly.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

In 1967 Marvel's Spider-Man and Fantastic Four first hit the small screen in cartoon form–the opening salvo in a cultural explosion that included Spider-Man Underoos and Paul McCartney writing songs about Magneto. But Ditko had abruptly quit. Three years later Jack Kirby departed for archrival DC. Even Stan Lee left his writing and editing duties behind in 1972 when Cadence Industries (Marvel's owner) made him the company's publisher.

As the "Holy Trinity" faded, a younger generation–fans first, creators second–took the reins and began crafting characters with a darker edge: Blade, Ghost Rider, Iron Fist, Luke Cage, even the satirical Howard the Duck. Though they never reached the Silver Age's success, Marvel's '70s crew laid the groundwork for huge growth by revamping a failed Lee-Kirby concept: the X-Men.

STAN LEE Really, I'm not sure what the hell happened with Jack quitting. I was the face of the company, and I'm guessing he felt, "Jesus, we're doing this together, and he's getting so much credit." Again, I'm guessing–he never said why he left. I asked him once, and he said, "You should know!"

ROY THOMAS After a few years at DC, Jack wanted to come back, but he knew he had set a few fires. Stan hadn't been too happy about this [DC character] Funky Flashman that Jack had based on him. Jack joked, "Well, it was all in fun." It wasn't all in fun.

LEN WEIN (editor in chief, 1974–1975; cocreator of Wolverine; editor of DC Comics' *Watchmen*) We were a bunch of kids running a comic book company. If anybody wore socks, it was a big day.

HERB TRIMPE We did a lot of throwaway characters for the Hulk to fight–they came in one issue and were out in the next. Wolverine was one of those.

LEN WEIN Roy Thomas gave me the name Wolverine. They're nasty little creatures with razor-sharp claws. It was the easiest thing in the world to develop. I made him a mutant because there had been some talk about reviving the dormant X-Men book. Nobody intended him to be a superstar.

CHRIS CLAREMONT We just wanted to have fun. What were the most outrageous things we could do?

BOB HARRAS (editor in chief, 1995–2000) X-Men was what Marvel was about: being different and misunderstood and yet still striving to do good despite the world looking at you with doubt and suspicion. ➤➤

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CAPTAIN AMERICA: ASSASSINATED IN 2007; COMING TO HOLLYWOOD IN 2011.
1991'S JIM LEE-INKED X-MEN #1 STANDS AS THE BESTSELLING COMIC.

RENAISSANCE MEN

As astute an editor as he was combative a personality, Jim Shooter ushered in a new era when he became editor in chief in 1978. Under Shooter the rights and royalties afforded to Marvel's writers and artists improved, as did the accessibility of their story lines. Taking advantage of the new "direct market" of comic book stores, *X-Men* killed off S&M-tinged leading lady Jean Grey, the Phoenix, and its circulation went through the roof. Shooter's *Secret Wars* series proved that editorially driven "crossover" titles could drive the bottom line, while cutting-edge work like Frank Miller's *Daredevil* ushered in a creative renaissance.

Yet at the same time, an ongoing dispute with Jack Kirby over thousands of pages of original art Marvel refused to return to him gave the company a major black eye. Meanwhile, Shooter's battles with both talent and management became legendary.

JIM SHOOTER When I took over, it was a train wreck.

MARV WOLFMAN Jim ruined things for a lot of people, and a lot of us left after that point.

WALT SIMONSON But when Phoenix died, that catapulted the X-Men into the stratosphere.

LEN WEIN Jean had destroyed the planet of the broccoli people or whatever, and Jim said she had to pay for her crime. It got a lot of press—people weren't ready for a superhero to die.

LOUISE SIMONSON Death sold. Comic shop owners were calling up saying, "Which book is it going to be where *everybody* dies? We want a whole lot of those."

JIM SHOOTER Everybody reads about how I demanded they kill Phoenix. Nobody reads about a couple of months later when Claremont buys his mother an airplane with the money he made.

JIM LEE (*Uncanny X-Men* artist and *X-Men* writer-artist, 1990–1992) It was *the* franchise. Nothing could touch it.

JIM SHOOTER When I was editing Chris' stuff, I'd have to say things like, "You cannot have the professor dressed in transvestite bondage gear." The editor would tell Chris, and he'd lose his mind.

TOM DEFALCO (editor in chief, 1987–1994) Shooter got the trains to run on time, he had a lot of great ideas, and he assembled an incredible crew.

FRANK MILLER (*Daredevil* writer-artist, 1979–1983, 1986) I felt comfortable with Daredevil. He couldn't do the extraordinary stuff, so I could get closer to the crime stories I wanted to do.

JIM SHOOTER We invented the mega-crossover, got all the good guys and all the bad guys in one series. They'd say, "30-year-old fans hate it." So what? The kids are what's important. To this day there are people who blame me for all kinds of things. The whole situation with Kirby—I had a say? It was the board of directors, the lawyers, the principals.

GARY GROTH I remember one particularly grotesque moment on a pro-Kirby panel at San Diego during which Shooter got into a screaming match with Kirby's wife, Roz. It was unbelievable.

TOM BREVOORT (executive editor, 2007–present) There were a lot of bitter enemies at Marvel who would cross the street to avoid each other on the sidewalk, but they totally agreed on Jim. Some good comics came out, but the word was that he was making everyone crazy.

JIM SHOOTER The board of directors took the company private and immediately tried to sell it. I thought it was a scam to cheat the stockholders. They had to get rid of me. But we had a mini-golden-era.

THE BOOM AND THE BUST

As pop culture went grunge, Marvel Comics went glitz. Purchased by Revlon cosmetics mogul Ron Perelman in 1989, the company embarked on an orgy of expansion, purchasing trading card companies, toy manufacturers, comics distributors, and more. A new breed of flashy, ambitious young artists like Todd McFarlane and Jim Lee became nearly as famous to fans as the characters they drew. The hit series of these young Turks—*Spider-Man, X-Force, X-Men*—purged veteran talent like Claremont, attracted "speculators" looking to buy future collector's items, and shattered sales records.

But greed wasn't good. When McFarlane, Lee, and five other superstars quit Marvel to form their own company, Marvel resorted to convoluted crossovers and multiple gimmick covers in a desperate attempt to maintain sales. Speculators vanished, forcing the direct market's collapse. Meanwhile, Perelman's overreach earned Marvel a mountain of debt. A decade that began with blockbusters ended in bankruptcy.

TODD MCFARLANE (*Amazing Spider-Man* artist and *Spider-Man* writer-artist, 1988–1991) That was the heyday, I'm telling you. Life was pretty good.

TOM BREVOORT Everyone had expense accounts. Christmas parties became decadent affairs—the hotel in Grand Central Station, big ice sculptures of Spider-Man, crazy DJs in a control room like Professor X. It was an insane spectacle of excess.

CHRIS CLAREMONT Regimes changed, attitudes changed. Some people felt that X-Men needed stirring up. I'm not the one to ask.

JIM LEE As far as Chris Claremont, he didn't see eye to eye with the execs on the future of the X-Men. The company won out. I learned that you just rented time on characters you didn't own—though you were literally bringing them to life month in, month out.

TODD MCFARLANE I set a sales record, then all of a sudden they thought my stories were too dark. I was like, "I'm selling more books than anybody else in North America! Why are we even having this conversation?"

JOE QUESADA (editor in chief, 2000–present) Marvel was a place you could go to make money. But if you wanted to be treated like an artist and a human being, you didn't want to be there.

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HUGH JACKMAN: THE MOST BADASS AUSTRALIAN SINCE YAHOO SERIOUS.
TOBEY MAGUIRE AS AWKWARD (AND BULGE-LESS) PETER PARKER.
"HULK SMASH ANG LEE'S BORING VERSION OF HULK'S LIFE STORY!"

TODD MCFARLANE Those of us who left were the rebels. But there was very little downside. If I said to Marvel, "I'm tired of running my own company. Can I do Spider-Man again?"—what, they're gonna say, "No"?

TOM DEFALCO Marvel had this genius who decided if you're doing 120 titles and you cut it down to 60, they'd sell twice as well. I laughed in his face.

BOB HARRAS Crossovers became a cross you had to bear, because they'd work.

BILL JEMAS (COO and president of publishing, 2000–2004) Marvel Comics were almost unintelligible. Each new story tied into every other story for 40 years. The learning curve was so steep that it was all but impossible to sell comics to kids.

TOM BREVOORT Perelman's company used Marvel stock to buy up everything. When the market slipped, suddenly there was a huge amount of debt that didn't have anything to do with Marvel.

TOM DEFALCO Because we only went up seven percent and didn't do the normal double digits, they got rid of me. A year later they went bankrupt.

TOM BREVOORT The offices were empty, like a ghost town. They were shortsighted and arrogant the way they ran the place. But I think Perelman personally walked away with $800 million out of this, so it was shortsighted in a profitable way.

NU-MARVEL

When writer, artist, and self-publisher Joe Quesada made a deal with Marvel to create an independent imprint called Marvel Knights in 1998, few could have imagined that he and his cohorts—*Clerks* director Kevin Smith, indie crime writer Brian Michael Bendis, maverick Scottish writers Grant Morrison and Mark Millar—would soon be handed the keys to the kingdom. Marvel had emerged from bankruptcy and had nowhere to go but up. Teaming with controversial president Bill Jemas, Quesada gave edgy creators carte blanche. Some fans were incensed, but many more were enthralled.

JOE QUESADA Marvel was spending too much time writing love letters to the past. Nostalgia can put you out of business because you're only appealing to a dying fan base.

MARK MILLAR (*Ultimates* writer, 2000–present) They tried radicalism. Thankfully, radicalism worked.

GRANT MORRISON (*New X-Men* writer, 2001–2004) We felt anything could happen. There was this sense that we'd taken over the principal's office.

MARK MILLAR The guys that made Marvel a success in the early 2000s were from the risky areas of the industry and guys like Kevin Smith who'd come from independent film. We'd say, "Let's take these things everyone is obsessed with and start them over from scratch." It was incredibly liberating.

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN I'd e-mail Joe, "What if we did Spider-Man as a bad guy called the Hood?" He'd reply, "OK, your first script is due. Go." It happened that fast.

BILL JEMAS I revealed the origin of Wolverine, banned smoking from the books, created a black Captain America. Sales picked up.

MARVEL GOES HOLLYWOOD

As it once again became the hottest property in comics, Marvel conquered Hollywood. First through outside studios, then in-house as Marvel Studios, the company's movie operation launched a string of smashes. The *X-Men* and *Spider-Man* franchises played leapfrog with each other's records, while the nearly universally acclaimed *Iron Man* showed Marvel could make hits all on its own. And everyone—not just fanboys—has ears wide open for any details about the upcoming *Thor*, *Captain America*, and *Avengers* movies. The one sour note is the issue of royalties, which are often few and far between for the characters' creators; Stan Lee himself sued Marvel in 2002 for his slice of the *Spider-Man* pie.

TOM DESANTO (*X-Men* and *X-2* executive producer) Comic book movies were considered box office poison after *Batman & Robin* came out, so when we released *X-Men*, the studio was just blindsided by the success. *Spider-Man* got green-lighted that Monday.

SAM RAIMI (*Spider-Man* director) I felt a lot of pressure from the comics world. People want to be sure that the character they love is not being massacred.

LOUIS LETERRIER (*The Incredible Hulk* director) Comic book fans are very vocal. It wasn't like, "Don't fuck it up or I'll find you!" It was more, "Please, please, we hope someone comes along and does it justice."

JOE QUESADA We're very hands-on with the official made-by-Marvel movies. I remember a call late at night: "What do you think of Robert Downey Jr.?"

FRANK MILLER In *Iron Man* the wit of the original Marvel comics was beautifully portrayed by Robert Downey Jr. *The Incredible Hulk* was extremely good, too. How do I put it? These movies feel *drawn*.

STAN LEE What's "your fair share"? Everybody thinks they deserve more than they got.

LEN WEIN I have not seen a dime off of any Marvel stuff, nor do I have a credit on the *Wolverine* film. Hugh Jackman is a lovely man, and at the premiere he told the audience that he owed his career to me and had me take a bow. It was very gratifying and very nice. I would have preferred a check.

WAR AND PEACE

Today Marvel is responsible for 46 percent of all the comics sold in the direct market. Their characters are a licensing bonanza for everything from Hulk Hands to the upcoming *Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark* Broadway musical, featuring songs by Bono and the Edge. The company that sprang from the minds of Stan, Jack, and friends in 1939 has become a veritable universe of its own.

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN Marvel and DC are my divorced mom and dad. DC is my stable, loving, nurturing mom. Marvel is my weird dad who lives in a condo and doesn't know how to cook, but he'll let you stay up until three in the morning watching *RoboCop 2*.

STAN LEE I'm still the chairman emeritus of Marvel, although I have no idea what that title means. [*Laughs*] These characters are not really mine anymore. There are other people writing them, other people drawing them. Which is wonderful, it's as it should be, but it's hard for me to feel a sense of belonging to these characters when I have nothing to do with them anymore. I'm happy that they've succeeded, of course. I was always saying, "We should be another Disney!" And now we're getting close. ●

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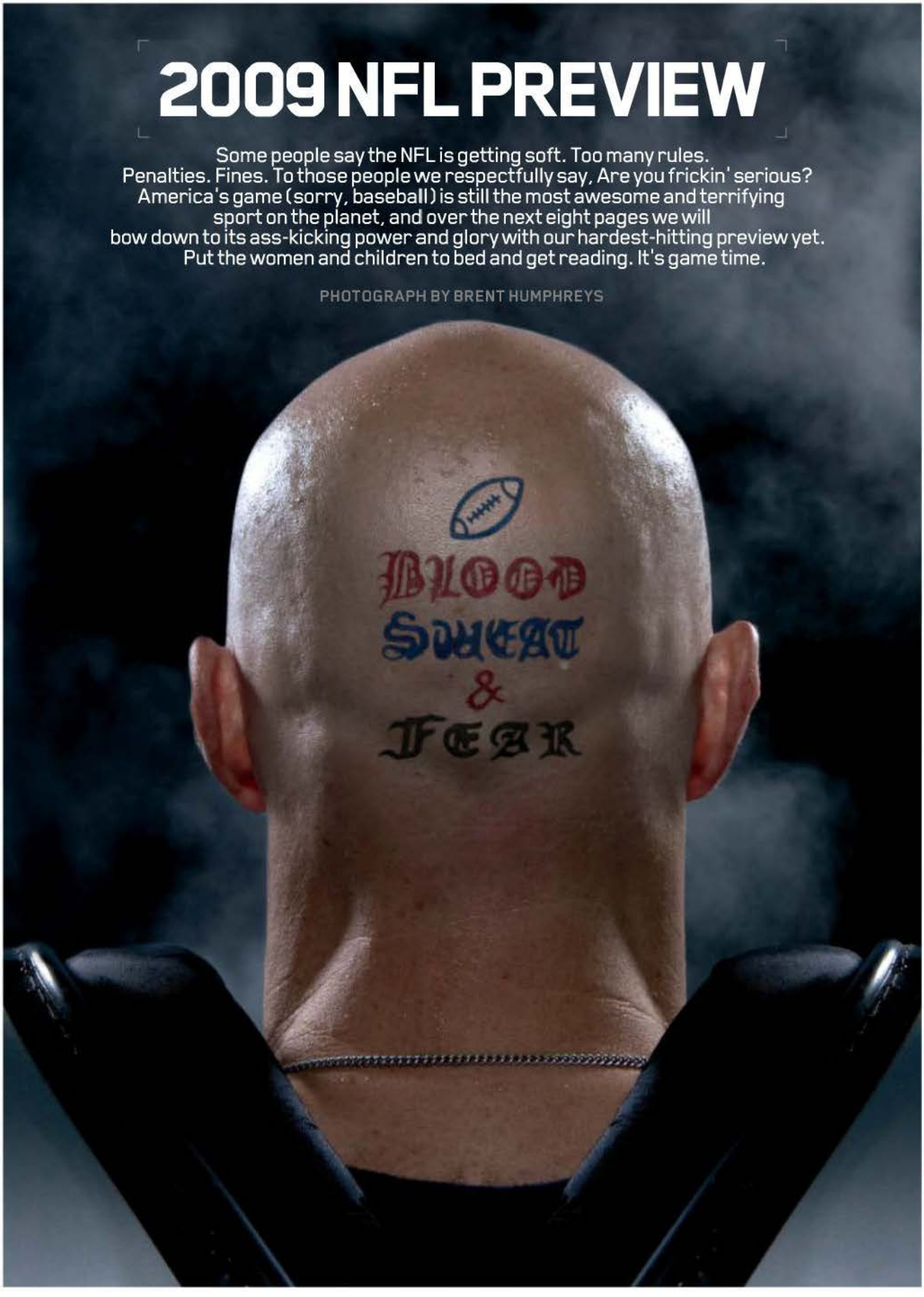
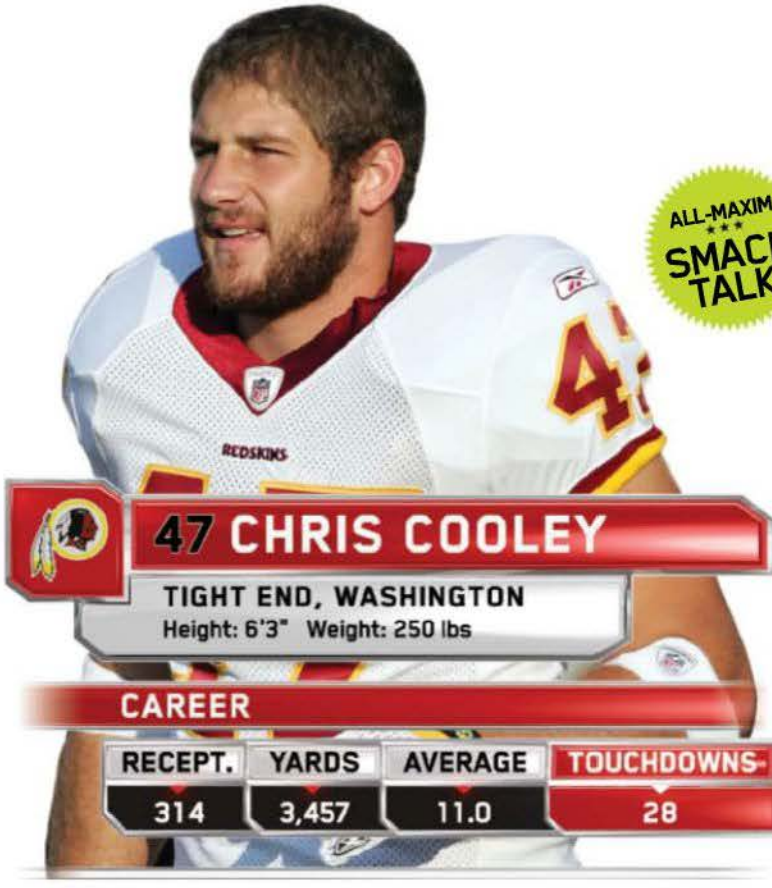
2009 NFL PREVIEW

Some people say the NFL is getting soft. Too many rules. Penalties. Fines. To those people we respectfully say, Are you frickin' serious? America's game (sorry, baseball) is still the most awesome and terrifying sport on the planet, and over the next eight pages we will bow down to its ass-kicking power and glory with our hardest-hitting preview yet. Put the women and children to bed and get reading. It's game time.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENT HUMPHREYS



MODEL, AGENCETALENT.COM; HANKSFITNESS.COM; MAKEUP, LAURA FINLEY-FELLER



Q / A

You didn't get into the stat book at the Pro Bowl. What happened?
It's not like I wasn't trying; I think I dropped a ball over the middle in the second quarter and missed six or seven tackles on the kickoff team. By the fourth quarter a bunch of the guys on the sideline were laughing at me.

Does it get expensive bringing family and friends to Hawaii?
It's easy to put someone else's room number on your tab. We charged some of our stuff to Jared Allen.

When the Redskins went bowling during training camp, you drafted head coach Jim Zorn. Smart pick or kiss-ass move?
Both. He's a pretty versatile dude and a good golfer. So I figured along with the kiss-ass I was going to get a good pick. He rolled a 130.

That's respectable.
Andre Carter actually rolled a 33 in one game. I don't know how that's possible. Honestly, a 33? If you can't break 100, how can you play football?

He probably can't fit his fingers into the ball.
There's the whole idea of keeping the ball tight to your body, and you really can't do that if you have fat ass sides.

What was it like when your name popped up in trade rumors?
My wife was reading some blog in the morning and was all worked up. She was like, "You're being traded to Cleveland," and I was like, "Don't wake me up for this." I got into a little scuffle with their fans for saying this, but I'd be pissed if I had to go to Cleveland. Who wouldn't be? I mean, let's be honest. That's what half the people from *Cleveland* said!

What's your take on the huge contract the 'Skins gave to Albert Haynesworth?
Albert's the best defensive tackle in the NFL and he's never been a free agent, so he's earned it.

What was your first impression of him?
He killed me in the Pro Bowl last year. We threw an interception, and I was chasing the pick down from behind, and Albert just annihilated me. I'm going to pay him back in practice when he's not looking. Wait till the team's changing drills and jogging around the field, then just go for the full layout shot.

WHY THE PUNTER MATTERS

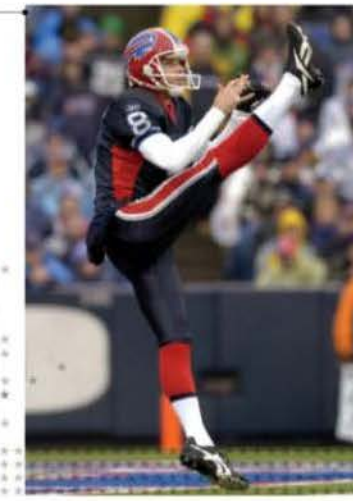
WHILE YOU'RE GLUED TO GUNSLINGING QBs AND SHOWBOATING RECEIVERS, GUYS AT THESE THANKLESS POSITIONS ARE DOING REAL WORK.

1. Steve Hutchinson MIN Guard

"As a guard you're in a five-second street fight 65 times a game. Every play you hit heads–300 pounds coming one way, 300 pounds coming the other. It's a hand-to-hand war. You've got linemen clubbing you in the head, trying to grab your throat. The receiver scores the touchdown, but you don't get too much credit for being the guy who got poked in the eye."

2. Brian Moorman BUF Punter

"Everyone thinks they can punt. But it's not easy to let go of that ball, nail the point of impact, and make sure it's directed in 1.25 seconds. If your punter can pin a team inside the 10, you'll be the next to score 85 percent of the time–that's a stat most fans don't realize. But I'd much rather just hold for PATs and field goals. That means we've had a great game."



3. David Diehl NYG Left Tackle

"I'm moving backward while the fastest, most athletic guy on the defensive line–a guy who weighs 285 pounds and runs a 4.5 40–is working to kill my quarterback. As crazy as it sounds, I think, *They're trying to go after my daughter*. The only time my name will get called out is for a penalty or for giving up a sack. But I love playing with that pressure."

4. Lonie Paxton DEN Long Snapper

"The best long snapper is an average long snapper. You can't have an outrageously good snap. It's meant to be precise. You hold the destiny of the game in your hands–but you don't get noticed unless you screw up. I've had three kickers make the Pro Bowl under my helm, but long snapper isn't even a voted-on position. It should be."

ILLUSTRATION, BRYAN CHRISTIE DESIGN

→ THE 2009 SEASON IN ODDS: LIKELIEST MVP TOM BRADY, 4:1 PEYTON MANNING, 5:1 BEN ROETHLISBERGER, 7:1 ADRIAN PETERSON, 7:1 →

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ALL-MAXIM ★★★ SMACK TALK

81 TERRELL OWENS

WIDE RECEIVER, BUFFALO
Height: 6'3" Weight: 224 lbs

CAREER

RECEPT.	YARDS	AVERAGE	TOUCHDOWNS
951	14,122	14.8	139

Q / A

What really went down in Dallas?
Who knows? It's the million-dollar question. I'm over it.

Are you concerned about how the season will go in Buffalo?
If anything happens out of the ordinary, it's not going to be my fault. The media's unfairness has never prevented me from doing everything I can for my team. They talked about me dropping balls in Dallas. Meanwhile, I broke my hand in the second game of the season. Later I tore a tendon in the same hand. I played through all of it. Back in Philly, when I had to rehab my foot, I played in the Super Bowl even though I was advised not to. It was *my* career on the line.

What do you think is the average fan's perception of you?
Certainly more negative than positive. I've done a lot of charitable work, but no one talks about it. Guys like Reggie Bush, Peyton Manning, Brett Favre, if they do a food drive, they make headlines. When I was in Philadelphia, I took it upon myself to go visit the victims of Hurricane Katrina, and no one said a word.

Has being a lightning rod for criticism affected the way people look at your on-field achievements?
Regardless of what people think, they can't deny what I've done. And everything I've achieved has been through pure hard work. I see a lot of guys who are celebrated, who used performance-enhancing drugs to do some of the things I've done on the field. I know what I've done is legit.

What would you like your legacy to be?
I was one of the most honest people who ever played the game.

Have you done anything in the NFL you regret?
I don't regret anything. Would I have done some things differently? Yes, absolutely. I'm not perfect. I've made mistakes. I'm sure I'll make them again.

TO LIVE AND DIE IN BUFFALO

MAXIM IS HERE TO GUIDE T.O. THROUGH HIS NEW HOMETOWN'S ROLLICKING NIGHTLIFE.

1 **BUFFALO ZOO**
This animal house features 23 acres of exotic critters—not the kind you'll find at Rick's Cabaret in Dallas, but fun to watch nonetheless. Host your QB and O-line for a slumber party ($18 per person) and a new TD record could be yours!

2 **HOLIDAY HOLLOW**
How often are you torn between attending a Renaissance fair and a haunted house? At this annual Halloween Festival, you don't have to choose! Don't miss the "Gypsy Show" or the "Fellowship of the Ring Toss."

3 **CHUCK E. CHEESE'S**
Video games are great for eye-hand coordination, and pizza will give you energy! Just be sure to hit the one on Milestrip Road. The Harlem Road outpost is "a total shithole," according to an eight-year-old we found smoking a butt outside.

4 **NIAGARA FALLS**
Take a date to this natural wonder (fireworks every Friday night in September!), then blow some of that $6.5 million salary across the border at the Fallsview Casino. It can't be any more depressing than Philly's Fabric Museum...can it?

2009 ALL-MAXIM TEAM

MEET THE NFL'S MOST BADASS PLAYERS—GUYS WHOSE BODIES CASH EVERY CHECK THEIR EGOS WRITE. ★ ★ ★

★ QB
Peyton Manning IND
Sure, he's a stud on the field, but when did Peyton become the funniest guy in football?

★ RB
Brandon Jacobs NYG
Why run around guys when you can run *through* them? Jacobs sure the hell doesn't know.

★ RB
Clinton Portis WSH
Rushing for 9,200 career yards is fine. But attending press conferences dressed like Carmen Miranda? That earns an automatic All-*Maxim* bid.

★ WR
Larry Fitzgerald AZ
Responsible for resurrecting Kurt Warner's career *and* for taking a pair of sneakers off a blogger who challenged him to a footrace.

★ WR
Terrell Owens BUF
No one inspires ire like the newly minted Bills wide receiver. But before he wears out his welcome, look for T.O. to dominate the open field.

★ TE
Chris Cooley WSH
How do we love Chris Cooley? Let us count the ways. We love his blog. We love that he did our interview from a potter's wheel. And we love his 849 yards last year.

★ OT
Dave Diehl NYG
Cheers to anyone who calls out Brett Favre. In May this gentle Giant aped the QB in a skit in which he switched his dinner order four times and then started to cry.

★ OT
Bryant McKinnie MIN
While most tackles keep a low profile, McKinnie finds the spotlight as easily as he finds holes for AP. Then again, it's tough to hide at 6'8", 335 pounds.

→ FIRST HEAD COACH TO BE FIRED: WADE PHILLIPS, 1:1 DICK JAURON, 2:1 GARY KUBIAK, 3:1 JACK DEL RIO, 5:1 MARVIN LEWIS, 7:1 →

ILLUSTRATION BY BRYAN CHRISTIE DESIGN

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENT HUMPHREYS

Jared Allen

ALL-MAXIM SMACK TALK

Q / A

The Vikings All-Pro defensive end knows how to spot a blood trail. No wonder he gives NFL quarterbacks nightmares.

So what the hell are you wearing in this photo?
I bought the robe when I was over in Dubai as part of a USO tour. We did eight countries in 31 days.

Do you think you're the only NFL player spearing an elk on his Web site?
I would absolutely say I am. Probably not too many people in the world have that video.

It was scary to watch you follow a blood trail.
I picked up my tracking skills when I shot a deer at sundown with some guys from Wisconsin. Their blood-finding skills were amazing. It stands out pretty good against green leaves, but in that dry stuff it gets tough.

You also train in mixed martial arts. Are you just a lethal weapon?
I can handle myself on the street just fine. My game really elevated once I began doing MMA training–my hand-eye coordination and my hand-fighting skill.

You once said you wanted to fight Jose Canseco. Does that offer still stand?
It's not so much that I want to fight; it's just the guy code. You never turn your back on your friends. And you don't throw other athletes under the bus so you can make a buck.

That's tough talk, yet one of your favorite songs is "Careless Whisper" by Wham! What gives?
Are you kidding me? George Michael frickin' *dominates* that song! I love the late '70s and early '80s. Modern-day music pretty much sucks.

What makes your playlist?
"Jessie's Girl," obviously. "T.N.T." by AC/DC. Oh, dude! Manfred Mann's "Blinded by the Light" has the greatest line: "Mama always told me not to look into the eyes of the sun."

But that's where the fun is!
Those guys were rock stars. I'm a huge Hall and Oates fan, too.

Imagine an alternate universe where Adrian Peterson is barreling toward you. What happens?
Just what happened when I played against AP my last year in Kansas City–I made him fumble twice in a row. He's a hell of a player, though. Out of all the teammates I've had, he's the one guy who's an absolute superstar. He's so much fun to watch and a good dude.

You were the guy chasing Dan Orlovsky during his ridiculous safety last year. Was that the weirdest thing you've seen a QB do?
Yeah. He just ran out of the back of the end zone. I pointed to the ground and started cracking up. That was the easiest sack I've ever gotten in my life, but I got crap for it. Everyone was like, "That was a gift." I was like, "Hey, maybe you should've been faster."

Is it immature that we still giggle because you wear number 69?
Hell, no! That shit is hilarious. And it fits my personality.

As does the mullet. Can you put its power into words?
The mullet is basically Captain Planet. Earth, wind, fire, water, and heart all come together. When the powers combine, the mullet just shines through, and it's like a halo around you.

Does it help with the ladies?
I'm seeing a girl right now, but nothing super serious. I need to date a B-list celebrity. Get caught at Dairy Queen and be in a cheesy picture on the front page of the *Enquirer*.

What's the first thing you thought when the Brett Favre rumors started?
I'm going to ask Brett who I need to get with over at Wrangler, because that's all I wear. I need to start getting in Wrangler ads.

Could you pull a Favre at the end of your career?
When my body can't take it and my heart's not in it, I'll shut it down. There's just something about walking out of that tunnel on Sunday. You look in your teammates' eyes and you see other men willing to go to battle with you. I think that's what you miss. But when I decide something's going to happen, I just go. I'll be the guy who disappears into the mountains.

FIVE BURNING QUESTIONS

WHAT'S GONNA GO DOWN THIS SEASON? WE GOT THE BEST EXPERTS IN THE BIZ TO WEIGH IN.

1 **IS MARK SANCHEZ THE NEW JOE NAMATH?**
"Easy on the Namath comparisons," says Marcellus Wiley of ESPN's *NFL Live*. But it's not the craziest idea: "People note Sanchez only played one year at USC. I look at that as a positive. He went out from day one and said, 'I'm a baller.'"

2 **WHICH DRAFT PICK WILL PULL A MARIO WILLIAMS AND PROVE A LONG-TERM STUD?**
Second-round WR Brian Robiskie, according to ESPN's Tim Hasselbeck: "I think he can have a 15-year career putting up huge numbers."

1

2

3

3 **HOW WILL EX-TAMPA BAY COACH JON GRUDEN FARE ON *MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL*?**
There are two Grudens: the professional Coach Gruden and the sinister Chucky. ESPN's Wiley knows which he'd rather see: "Give me Chucky in the booth and I'm watching. It's going to be exciting if he brings that same energy, that same kind of growl, to announcing. I look forward to it."

4 **WHAT DEFENSIVE TREND WILL EMERGE IN '09?**
According to former All-Pro safety Rodney Harrison of NBC's *Football Night in America*, it's going to be all about...the safety! "With the success of athletic guys like Troy Polamalu," he says, "you'll see teams moving their strong safeties all over the field–blitzing, in pass coverage. They'll line up anywhere to confuse the offense."

5 **JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT: IF THE DETROIT LIONS LINED UP AGAINST THE USC TROJANS, WHO WOULD WIN?**
Yeah, yeah, the Lions are terrible. But they'd still crush the Trojans, says ESPN's Qaday Ismail: "USC's wide receiver would be crying to be taken off the field. Final score, 102-3, Lions."

ALL-MAXIM ★★★ SMACK TALK

91 JUSTIN TUCK

DEFENSIVE END, NEW YORK
Height: 6'5" Weight: 274 lbs

CAREER

TACKLES	SOLO	SACKS	INTERCEPTIONS
173	132	23	1

Q / A

You played tight end in high school. Why haven't we seen you pull a Refrigerator Perry and score a few rushing or receiving touchdowns?
You know what's funny? The year of the Super Bowl, [Jeremy] Shockey had gotten hurt, and I was actually the third-string tight end throughout the playoff run. We messed around with it in practice, but we never got to that scenario.

Why didn't your college nickname, "the Freak," follow you to the NFL?
I wanted it to die at Notre Dame. And Jevon Kearse was having a pretty good career with that name, so I was happy to let him have it.

You could always go back to your childhood nickname, "He-Man."
Yeah, at the age of three or four I was obsessed with He-Man. I would just run around the yard yelling, "By the power of Grayskull!"

You scored high on the infamous Wonderlic test. Does it actually help prepare you for the pros?
They give you two minutes to answer, like, 30 questions. It really doesn't have anything to do with playing, but it does test how well you adjust under pressure. Coming into the NFL is intense. I wish people could listen to a miked linebacker or quarterback—having to decide how many shakes to make or whether somebody's going right or left on a play. Certain code words go to D-linemen, certain words go to O-linemen and the secondary. All of a sudden they're snapping the ball and you have to run with it on the fly. And if you mess up, it could give the other team a touchdown.

What tips have you been able to pick up from your teammates?
The thing that sets guys like Michael Strahan and Osi Umenyiora apart is their work in the film room. Strahan could tell a pass was coming by how much weight the O-lineman had on his hand. I never thought about things like that in college. I just lined up and beat the guy in front of me.

What was the transition like moving from Alabama to New York City?
I never felt overwhelmed. I'm a chameleon. The only time I was ever afraid was when I had the opportunity to meet Oprah Winfrey at a charity event and I was too scared to go up and ask for a picture.

Despite all your success, you're still flying under the radar. When do we get to see you on *Dancing With the Stars*?
I like being under the radar. A perfect day for me is back home in Alabama, sitting on a porch playing cards or out on a lake fishing. I love New York, but I'm still a country boy who loves peace and quiet.

2009 MAXIM ALL-PRO TEAM

★ OG
Harvey Dahl ATL
The league's nastiest player was fined three times last year. No wonder they call the man "Dirty" Dahl.

★ OG
Steve Hutchinson MIN
The RB's best friend, this six-time Pro Bowler has never had a guy rush for less than 1,000 yards behind him.

★ C
Nick Mangold NYJ
The longhaired center has started all 48 games of his career and allowed just two sacks last year.

★ DE
Justin Tuck NYG
Twelve sacks, an interception for a touchdown, and a Pro Bowl appearance. Who's that Strahan guy again?

★ DE
Jared Allen MIN
At 6'6" and 270 pounds, the mulleted sackmaster is like a mutant hybrid of Toby Keith and the Hulk.

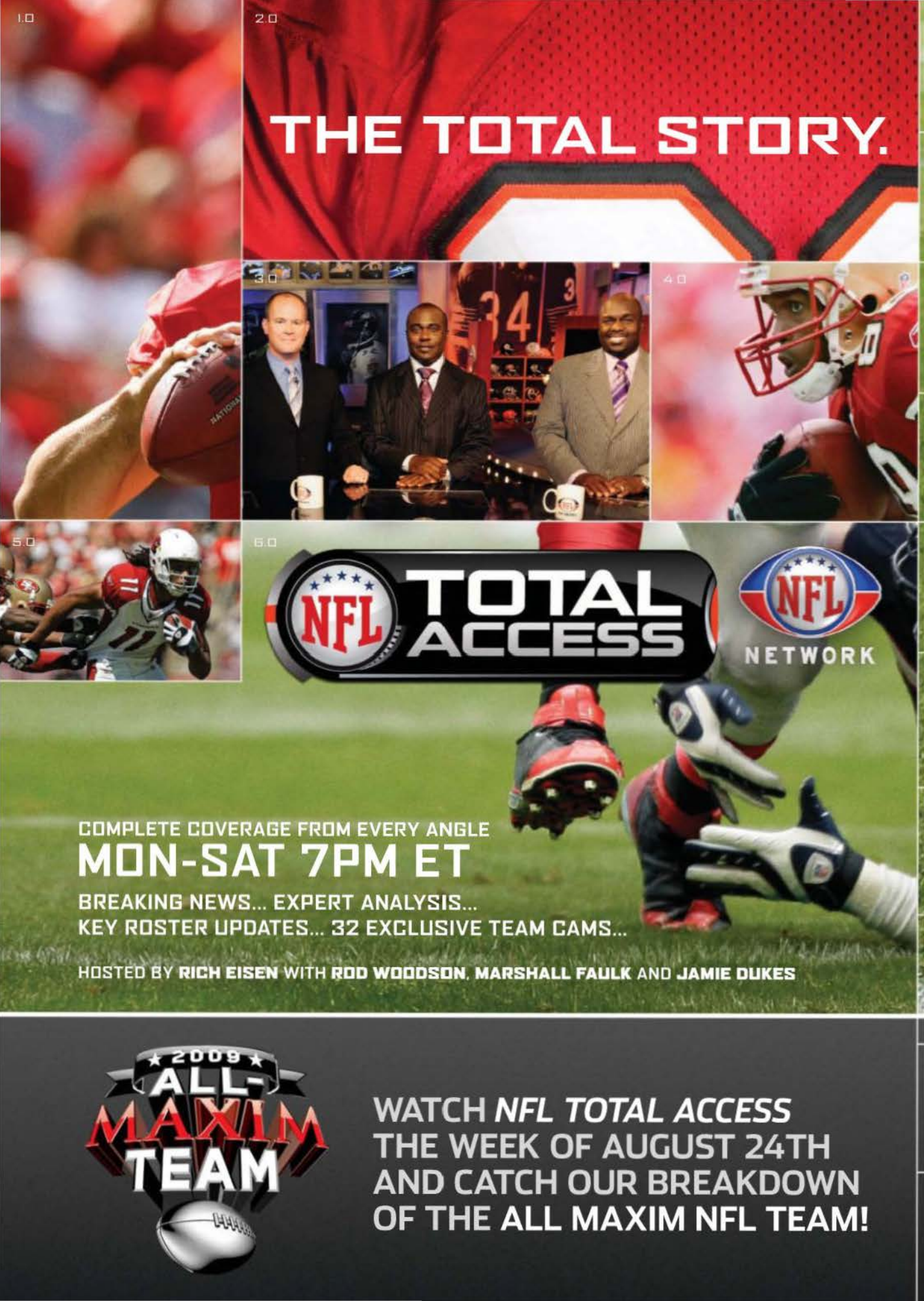
★ DT
Albert Haynesworth WASH
How much is striking the fear of God into opposing QBs worth? How about a cool $100 million?

★ DT
Kris Jenkins NYJ
In 2008 the four-time Pro Bowler fought off constant double teams, which is really no sweat when you're 360 pounds.

★ LB
Joey Porter MIA
The NFL's loudest trash talker wouldn't let a bullet in the ass slow him down. Need proof? See last year's 17.5 sacks.

★ LB
Ray Lewis BAL
Remember when Ray Lewis was the Most Terrifying Man in Sports? Yeah, well, if last year was any indication, he still is.

→ LEBRON SUITS UP FOR THE BROWNS, FIVE BILLION:1 ● CHAD OCHOCINCO CHANGES HIS NAME TO CHAD QUATRE-VINGT NEUF, 10 QUADRILLION:1 →



2009 ALL-MAXIM TEAM

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THE WEEK OF AUGUST 24TH
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NFL PLAYERS

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Maxim and Pepsi Max

Living the Max Fantasy!

with Tony Romo

Everyone knows what regular guys fantasize about, but what else could TONY ROMO—quarterback of America's Team, posing with cheerleaders in photo shoots—want in life? As far as we can tell, he just wants pizza, some Pepsi Max, and maybe a superpower or two.

You're the quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys, you date beautiful women...There has to be a ton of excitement in the life of Tony Romo. How do you have fun during the offseason?
Fun in the offseason is still football! We have workouts, throwing and film sessions, organized team activities, and mini-camps...with a little bit of golf thrown in when time allows.

You mean you don't party at the hottest clubs till 6 a.m.? Okay, what's the best training-camp prank you've seen?
Once the guys filled a rookie's car with popcorn...great stuff. The cleanup is not easy!

No offense but that sounds pretty tame. Let's talk about the exciting life of a pro football player. What's your mindset going into the tunnel? Are you fantasizing about the glory of a Big Game championship?
Before a game, it's all about complete concentration on the task at hand. I'm mentally going over everything that our team needs to do to win the game.

Hm, sounds like you're pretty focused. Let's say a genie grants you the power to change one rule in pro football. What would it be?
Five downs instead of four!

The genie also grants you a fantasy superpower. What would you choose?
I'd like the ability to throw the football 100 yards on a dime.

What are your game-watching essentials when you're at home?
A couple of friends, pepperoni pizza, and plenty of Pepsi Max!

Do you like to watch the game straight through or do you stop, rewind, and fast-forward?
I'm a quarterback who loves to study and break down film, so of course I'm constantly pausing, rewinding and fast-forwarding! It's all about learning something from every play.

So, there you have it—Tony Romo's just a regular guy who plays a little golf during the offseason, drinks Pepsi Max, and probably hogs the remote. The lesson here? Fantasy is in the eye of the beholder.

Tony Romo's Fantasy Football Playbook

A lot of guys are planning their fantasy-football draft parties. What are your three tips for any great party?

1) Guns N' Roses to rock out to
2) The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders to cheer each of your picks *[Editor's note: Sure, we'll get right on that. Can we have their phone numbers? No? Email addresses? Thanks, we'll be waiting.]*
3) Some barbeque with plenty of Pepsi Max!

If you could create a fantasy football team from players past and present, who would be on the starting lineup?

Joe Montana would be the QB, and the key to the defense would be the great Dick Butkus. You could fill in the rest of the spots with current and former Dallas Cowboys!

The space-time continuum is disrupted and you get to organize a football game between any two teams, past or present. Who would play?

1985 Bears vs. 1992 Cowboys.

Best Mustache ▸ Dick Butkus, no question **Best Touchdown Dance ▸** Ickey Woods...who can forget the Ickey Shuffle?! **Best Cheerleaders to Watch ▸** Of course, the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders (although we never get to watch) **Best City to Dine In ▸** Nothing beats Dallas! **Best Pre-Game Ritual ▸** Jaguars defensive lineman John Henderson: He has an equipment manager smack him in the face before going out to the field

pepsi max

MYTH 6

OLDER BACKS ARE DESTINED TO FAIL.

Conventional wisdom holds that age ain't nothin' but a number—unless you're an athlete, an actress, or a bottle of scotch. But, increasingly, NFL running backs are proving that age truly doesn't matter. "Guys 30 and over will fall in your draft, because history dictates they'll break down," says Fabiano. "But there are players who found success after 30—Corey Dillon, Curtis Martin, Emmitt Smith. It's not a statistical death sentence." When you spot Brian Westbrook, LaDainian Tomlinson, or Larry Johnson—all of whom will be exiting their 20s this year—don't get skittish. Chances are, the old-timers will produce just as well as their thumb-sucking brethren.

MYTH 7

ALWAYS TAKE A THIRD-YEAR WIDE RECEIVER.

Anyone who says receivers break out in their third year can surely back it up: T.O. Steve Smith. Steve Largent. But there are plenty of guys who don't wait that long. "Look at Larry Fitzgerald," notes Fabiano, "who doubled his receiving yards from his first to his second season." Check teams' depth charts and you could score a gem.

MYTH 8

DRAFT YOUR DEFENSE IN THE MIDDLE ROUNDS.

Outside of the Ravens and the Steelers, there are no elite defenses in the NFL. So if you're selecting any other D in a middle round, you're wasting a pick. "The values of defenses change so much seasonally, there's no way to guarantee they'll live up to the position you selected them in," says Fabiano. Wait until the last three rounds.

MYTH 9

THERE ARE NO GOOD TIGHT ENDS IN THE LATER ROUNDS.

Tell that to Greg Olsen or Owen Daniels, who had 70 catches last year but still likely won't go till the eighth round, after bigger names like Jason Witten and Tony Gonzalez. As with QBs, the keys to selecting a good tight end are patience and diligence. And this insider tip: Jim Zorn guarantees Chris Cooley will score six TDs this season. Shh!

MYTH 10

WHEN THE DRAFT ENDS, YOUR WORK IS DONE.

Sure—unless you expect to win. Watch the depth charts. Pay attention to injuries. Know which teams are on bye weeks. "No one likes the guy who doesn't set up his lineup or doesn't respond to trade requests," Fabiano says. Instead, be the guy who devotes five months of his life exclusively to football. Who needs to get laid anyway?

★ ★ ★

CHOOSE OR LOSE

THE BEST AND WORST FANTASY BETS. BECAUSE YOU CAN PICK YOUR NOSE, AND YOU CAN PICK YOUR FRIENDS, BUT YOU SUCK AT PICKING A TEAM.

SLEEPER PICKS

1. Donnie Avery WR St. Louis Rams: The Rams' top wide receiver after Torry Holt's release.
2. Vernon Davis TE San Francisco 49ers: New offensive coordinator Jimmy Raye intends to use Davis as a prominent option in the Niners' passing game.
3. Trent Edwards QB Buffalo Bills: Thanks to T.O., Edwards should put up the best numbers of his career.
4. Anthony Gonzalez WR Indianapolis Colts: With Marvin Harrison gone, Gonzalez has 1,000-yard potential as a starter.
5. Domenik Hixon WR New York Giants: No more Plaxico and Amani Toomer? No problem. The athletic Hixon should see plenty more passes.
6. Felix Jones RB Dallas Cowboys: Jones missed most of last season with an injured foot, but he's back and primed to make an impact.
7. Dustin Keller TE New York Jets: He'll get tons of action from the Jets' inexperienced QBs.
8. Kyle Orton QB Denver Broncos: With better weapons and a pass-laden offense installed by new coach Josh McDaniels, Orton could be an absolute steal.
9. Ray Rice RB Baltimore Ravens: Rice is in a backfield committee with Willis McGahee and Le'Ron McClain, but he'll still see a greater workload in 2009.
10. Derrick Ward RB Tampa Bay Buccaneers: Ward rushed for more than 1,000 yards as the number two RB in New York last season. Now he's got a chance to start for the Bucs.

OVERRATED PICKS

1. Joseph Addai RB Indianapolis Colts: After a miserable 2008, he's destined to lose carries to rookie Donald Brown.
2. Antonio Bryant WR Tampa Bay Buccaneers: Bryant could see his numbers fall in a run-based offense with a shaky QB situation.
3. Matt Cassel QB Kansas City Chiefs: He stepped up big-time for Tom Brady, but Cassel is in for a tough time rebuilding the Chiefs.
4. Jay Cutler QB Chicago Bears: Despite his strong arm, Cutler is now the leader of a run-based Bears offense with far less talent at WR.
5. Braylon Edwards WR Cleveland Browns: The Browns will run a conservative offense under new coach Eric Mangini, so Edwards is unlikely to return to 2007 form.
6. Thomas Jones RB New York Jets: The Jets will employ more of a backfield committee in 2009.
7. Marshawn Lynch RB Buffalo Bills: Suspended to start the season, Lynch will lose carries to Fred Jackson and Dominic Rhodes.
8. Eli Manning QB New York Giants: Long overrated in fantasy circles, Manning is entering '09 without a number one wide receiver.
9. Lance Moore WR New Orleans Saints: Won't see as many targets with Marques Colston back in the mix.
10. Willis McGahee RB Baltimore Ravens: He's lost value due to injuries and will continue to share carries in 2009.
–Michael Fabiano

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Dominate your draft. Destroy your friendships. Have fun.

pepsi max

The first diet cola for men.

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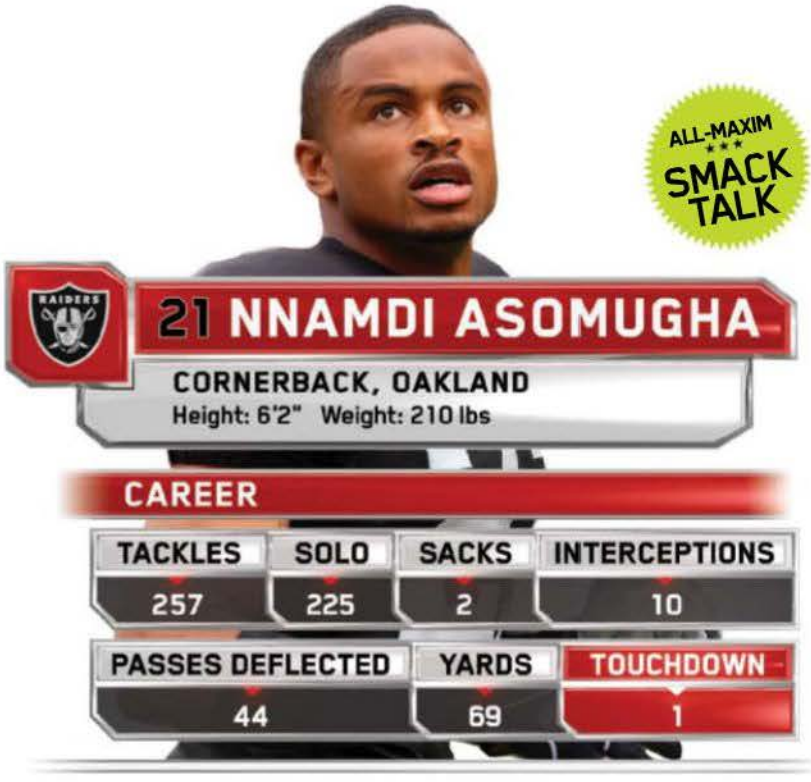


ALL-MAXIM ★★★ SMACK TALK

21 NNAMDI ASOMUGHA

CORNERBACK, OAKLAND
Height: 6'2" Weight: 210 lbs

CAREER

TACKLES	SOLO	SACKS	INTERCEPTIONS
257	225	2	10

PASSES DEFLECTED	YARDS	TOUCHDOWN
44	69	1

Q / A

You had one interception last year. Would it kill you to grab a pick?
In six games I didn't see one pass. When you're being avoided by quarterbacks, it's a good thing, but it can be frustrating. You're dominating, but there's no ball coming. I've tried playing possum a couple of times, but then they throw your way and catch you sleeping. My mind-set is always that they're coming after me on the next play.

If you never touch the ball, how do you avoid being bored to tears?
I'm the prankster in the locker room. I've put snakes in people's lockers, taped up helmets, left water bottles unscrewed. [Free safety] Michael Huff is the best sport about it. I will continue to trick him for the rest of my life because he lets everything roll off his back.

Tom Cable is your fifth coach in six years, but the one constant has been Al Davis. What's it like to play for the NFL's most, um, unconventional owner?
A piece of me likes the fact that we're always counted out because people think Al has lost it. But I'm a firm believer in him. He was criticized for drafting Howie Long, for drafting me—everyone was saying, "Who the hell is this guy?" You have to revel in proving somebody wrong. I love that about Al Davis. His whole life has been proving people wrong.

And signing huge checks. Your three-year, $45.3 million contract made you the highest-paid defensive back in NFL history. How did you reward yourself?
When I got drafted, I bought a small house and a Mercedes. That stuff still works just fine. My teammates get pissed off. They say, "Your lifestyle annoys me. You have too much money to live in such meager accommodations." I'll invest where I can sustain and grow.

Those smarts earned you an invitation to the Clinton Global Initiative this year. What's it like to get up close and personal with Bubba?
He's got enormous hands, as if he played rugby or something. And he will let you know with his grip that he is your superior. ●

Contributors
Sam Barclay
Jesse Brukman
Sean E. Cunningham
Ben Detrick
Michael Dolan
Maria Fontoura
Chad Nielsen
Mike Olson
Danny Sheridan
David Swanson

2009 ALL-MAXIM TEAM

★ CB
Nnamdi Asomugha OAK
Start learning how to pronounce his name, because Asomugha is the league's highest-paid player. Eat it, QBs!

★ CB
Charles Woodson GB
More than a decade since he became the first defensive player to win the Heisman, Woodson's still ruling the backfield.

★ S
Ed Reed BAL
The Ravens' silent assassin is the only player ever to record a TD on an interception return, punt return, punt block, and fumble return.

★ S
Troy Polamalu PIT
Is there a more frightening sight for a ballcarrier than the Samson of the Gridiron zeroing in like a guided missile? Our guess is...no.

★ KR
Darren Sproles SD
At just 5'6" and 181 pounds, this pint-size speed demon stepped into LT's cleats and became the new face of the Chargers.

★ PR
Johnnie Lee Higgins OAK
With his TD dances (backflips, "the Carlton Banks," "the HookaHooka"), Higgins is making us forget Ocho-what'shisname.

★ K
David Akers PHI
Setting a record for 18 straight field goals must've been sweet. But three playoff conversions against the Giants? Even sweeter.

★ P
Jeff Feagles NYG
The oldest player in Super Bowl history (he's 43!) also holds records for consecutive games, punts, punts inside the 20, and punting yards.

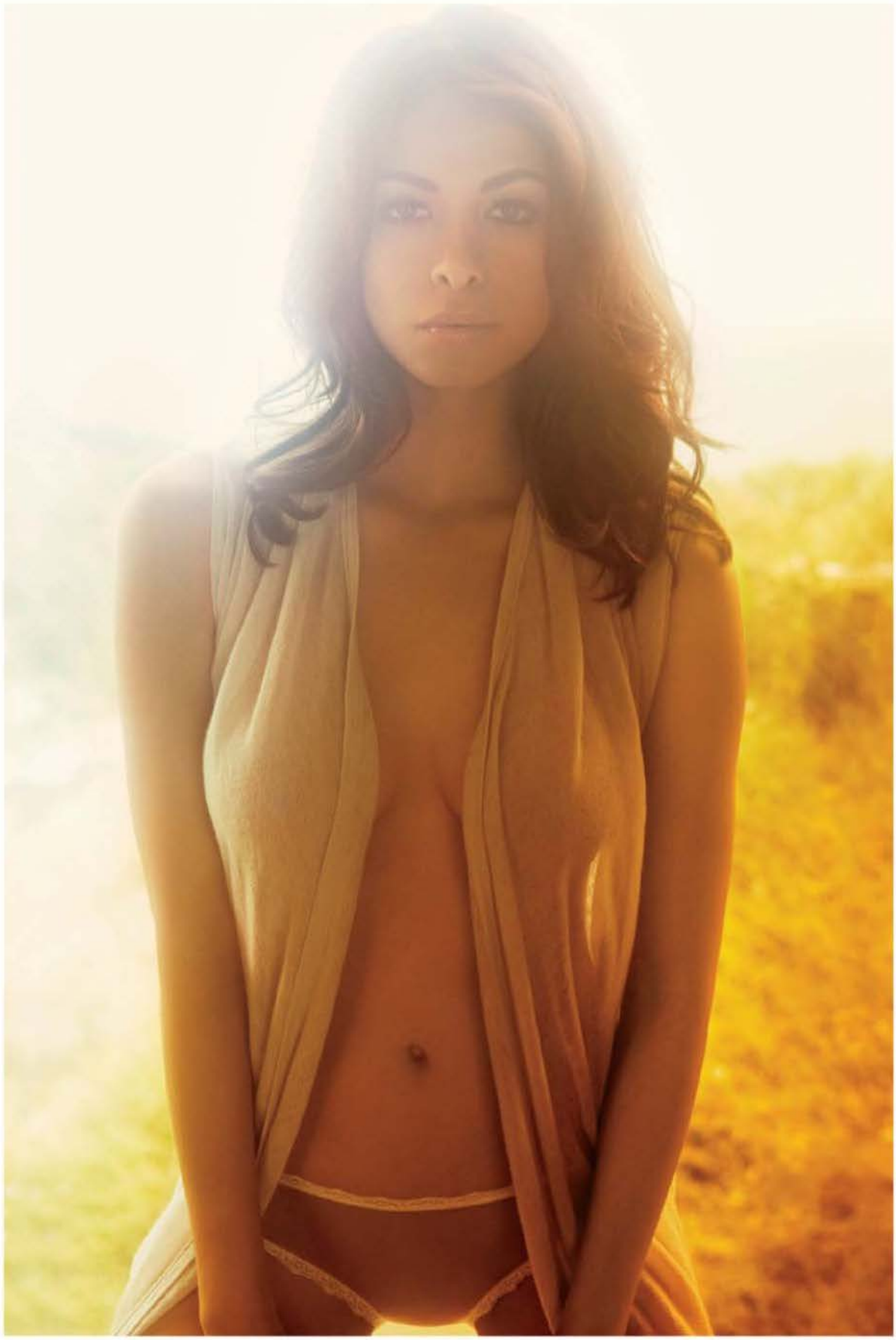
ILLUSTRATION, BRYAN CHRISTIE DESIGN

→ 49ERS HEAD COACH MIKE SINGLETARY SACRIFICES AN ASSISTANT COACH IN THE LOCKER ROOM TO EMPHASIZE A POINT TO THE TEAM, 100 MILLION:1 ←

Get used to the stunning sight before you, because Israeli model turned actress Moran Atias is poised to take over America, starting with her sizzling role on Starz' *Crash*. *L'chaim!*

The Chosen One

By Jesse Brukman
Photographs by Jeff Olson



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Fluency in five languages, a radio show, countless Italian TV appearances, award-winning film performances in Europe, a magazine column, and a compliment from Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi were all it took for Moran Atias to finally earn some recognition in her home country of Israel. What recognition? A documentary about her crazy-ass life, that's what. She's got the résumé, she's got the looks, and with the start of the second season of Starz' *Crash* (in which she plays the sultry gypsy Inez), only one step remains for Moran between American foothold and nonstop tabloid attention—a *Maxim* interview!

• It's hard to brush up on your bio without speaking Hebrew!
Don't worry, nobody speaks Hebrew.

• Phew. Is that why you've done most of your work in Italian?
It's such a rich language. There are so many metaphors and visuals in the way you talk. It's so poetic, it's like you're drawing while you're speaking.

• How did you deal with the constant harassment from Italian men?
When I first got to Italy, bus drivers would pull over if they saw me wandering down the street with a map. They'd try to help me with directions, and I was like, "Don't you have to take the people on your bus somewhere?"

• Happens to us all the time.
It's actually harder for me to understand American guys, who will wait for the 10th date to kiss you.

• So we American guys just suck?
Absolutely not! My plan was to move out here and find a good American boy. Americans are very respectful. I think a guy somewhere between an American and an Italian would be pretty great. But I think charm and charisma are what's most important in a guy, and that all comes from intelligence. I would love to date Einstein or Freud.

• How did you get noticed in Israel?
A reporter was covering a meeting between then prime minister Ariel Sharon and Silvio Berlusconi. Berlusconi told the reporter in the middle of the interview, "We have a wonderful Israeli girl working on our television." Ariel Sharon had no idea what he was talking about. An Israeli making it in Italian cinema and speaking fluent Italian is like someone walking on the moon.

• Did Berlusconi ever hit on you?
No, but he's such a charismatic man. Look, it's not new that he's always had several girls that he's been...helping. That's a part of Italy I don't really like.

• Have you worried about being typecast as the "exotic beauty" in the U.S.?
You can't change your face. I think I can wear a sexy dress and still bring it to an

STYLING, CONSTANZE LYNDSAY HAN; HAIR, JONATHAN HAINOUSEK FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS USING KERASTASE; MAKEUP, KATHY JEUNG FOR MAGNET.

Vannina Vesperini for Nancy Meyer bra and panties. Right: **Brochu Walker** cashmere dress. Opening spread (from left): **Wolford for Nancy Meyer** bra and panties; **Dear Cashmere** vest and **DKNY** panties.

interesting scene. I think it has elevated even more that I'm, you know, fucking wearing the dress. You have to feed the appetite of the eye but bring something else and feed the soul of the viewer.

• **Complicated! Which is a bit like your character in *Crash*...**

She's a gypsy. She's traveled all over the place, no passport, no identity... There's no place my character is welcome. She's using her looks to get what she wants. Like this. For a *Maxim* shoot, of course I have to look super hot, and I'm totally up for that.

• **You don't seem like the type of person who would be into the Hollywood party scene.**

Los Angeles is my home now. But, no, not yet. It's only the second season of *Crash*. I'm going to probably have to go to rehab by, like, the fourth season. •

Tel A-viva! Four more of our favorite Israeli imports.

Falafel

Tiny fried balls of kosher goodness so delicious you'll want to get circumcised twice!

Bar Refaeli

Newly single, Bar is hotter than the Golan and has launched more pocket rockets than Hezbollah.

Uzi

The ubiquitous weapon of '90s terrorists and drug dealers. At least in Bruce Willis movies.

Gene Simmons

The Kiss bassist was born in Haifa. Gives "Love Gun" a whole new meaning, huh? Yeah, not really.

START
In the beginning, God sculpted man from mud like in that sexy scene in Ghost. And then...
360,000 B.C.
Man harnesses fire.
First Kiss My Wiener BBQ apron crudely fashioned from mammoth hide.
11,000 B.C.
Caveman kills sabertooth tiger.
Looks around to see if cave chick noticed.
3500 B.C.
The wheel is invented.
So begins the trend of women choosing men to mate with based on "what kind of wheel they drive."
1519
Ferdinand Magellan circumnavigates the globe.
Tells his wife he's just "going fishing with my broheims."
1254
Italian explorer Marco Polo born.
Responsible for bringing ice cream, pasta, and myocardial infarctions to Italy.
1000 A.D.
Gunpowder developed.
Guns not invented for another 360 years–angering NRA lobbyists to no end.
Circa 80 A.D.
The Colosseum is dedicated in Rome.
Opening day gladiatorial contest ruined by jerk yelling, "Play 'Free Bird'!"
1609
Galileo invents first telescope.
Also, Galileo's first arrest on Peeping Tom charges.
1775
Paul Revere rides shouting, "The British are coming!"
Marks the first time in history anyone has used the joke, "That's what she said!"
1837
Samuel Morse invents the telegraph.
He then develops the Morse code as a more efficient way to communicate with his weed dealer.
1960
The birth control pill is approved for sale.
Thousands of men are admitted to emergency rooms for injuries related to "excessive high-fiving."
1946
Bikini invented.
Fat guys from Germany discover they can swim just wearing the bottom part.
1925
Josephine Baker mesmerizes Paris with her topless dance routines.
Goes down in history as reason Pepe Le Pew was so horny.
1962
First Taco Bell opens.
Original slogan: "Why travel all the way to Mexico for diarrhea?"
1967
Pamela Anderson born.
May 10, 1992: Pamela Anderson's boobs born.
1970
Monday Night Football debuts on ABC.
Rejected name: Chance to Get Wasted in Front of the Kids Night Football.
1972
Deep Throat becomes most successful porn film of all time.
(Narrowly beats out 1971's classic Home Movie of Two Junkies Doin' It.)
1993
Jenna Jameson begins her film career.
Adolescents everywhere start their masturbation careers.
1992
Reservoir Dogs premieres.
"I'm working on a heist screenplay" enters male vernacular.
1992
Snoop introduces "Snoop Speak."
Becomes most-spoken language among suburban teens, beating out "Fred Durst-ese" and "Insane Clown Patter."
1997
President Clinton gets his joint worked on.
The hottest thing to happen in the Oval Office since Abe stove-piped Mary Todd in the first lady hole.
1998
Viagra® approved by the FDA.
Four- to six-hour erections become a cross to bear.
2000
George W. Bush elected to first term.
Promises nation: "Hey everybody! We're all gonna get laid!"
2000
Steve-O whizzes on a chipmunk or craps in a flowerpot or something.
For some reason, he gets famous for it.

The History of Mankind

LEARN YOUR PAST, KNOW YOUR FUTURE. AND IF YOU GET BORED READING THIS MIDWAY THROUGH, TRY HOLDING IT UPSIDE DOWN.

BY SCOTT JACOBSON, TED TRAVELSTEAD, AND TODD LEVIN
ILLUSTRATION BY QUICKHONEY

1848
California gold rush begins. Gold teeth grillz just a twinkle in some prospector's eye.

1875
Joe Borden pitches first professional no-hitter. "Strikeout King" had a much better connotation back then.

1893
The zipper is born. "Whip it out!" replaces the more cumbersome, "Manipulate a series of hooks and eyelets before reaching inside and exposing it!"

1903
The Wright brothers make the world's first flight in an airplane. The following day Orville Wright inducts girlfriend into the 11-foot-high club.

1907
First U.S. patent issued for a bong. Users jones for the yet-to-be-invented bag of Cool Ranch Doritos.

1911
First parachute jump from an airplane. Also first midair pissing of pants.

1920
American women win the right to vote. Angry males still refuse to put on pants in the voting booth.

1974
Evel Knievel attempts to jump Snake River Canyon. This stunt is still widely considered one of the best ways to get out of a relationship.

1977
Fonzie jumps a shark on water skis on *Happy Days*. The show totally jumped the shark that episode.

1983
First Hooters opens in Clearwater, Florida. Finally truck stop hookers have a job to fall back on.

1984
Hulk Hogan wins WWF title from the Iron Sheik. And America is safe forevermore.

1985
"The Super Bowl Shuffle" released, inspiring obese sports fans to dance without shame. Entire city of Chicago has a heart attack.

1989
***American Gladiators* debuts on television.** Inexplicably, no drastic spike in babies named Malibu, Lace, or Nitro.

2006
***Borat* premieres.** Providing that obnoxious guy in your office a more irritating replacement for his Austin Powers impression.

2008
Barack Obama elected first black president of the United States. T-shirt bootleggers forget all about Biggie and Tupac.

????
When your kick-ass sophomore-year house party is scheduled to end (according to the flyer you posted).

Crowning Achievement

Miss Universe **DAYANA MENDOZA** reflects on her time at the top and looks forward to life without a tiara.

BY JESSE BRUKMAN

AT THE RIPE OLD AGE OF 23, DAYANA Mendoza has reigned as Miss Venezuela and Miss Universe, gone to an Italian interior design school, and traveled the world while fulfilling her duties as the official hottest woman in all of existence. Not bad. Now the sultry South American's reign is coming to an end, and she's ready to do something her hectic schedule hasn't allowed her to do in a year—pass out.

Is there any contestant or country you're rooting for to win Miss Universe 2009?
No, no, not really.

Not even your own?
I would love to be able to talk to all of them and then pick my favorite, but they are so beautiful you cannot pick one just by looking at her face.

During your contest in 2008, were there any fights with all the contestants living together?
Fights? Well, maybe. I don't know. It's like being with your sisters—you fight sometimes. We each shared our room with another girl for a month, and maybe you like her, maybe you don't. I was pretty lucky—I got to share with Claudia Ferraris from Italy. She could not speak English very well, and I speak Italian, so I could help her translate. I still keep in touch with her. I love her.

What was the reaction like in Venezuela when you won?
Venezuela went 12 years not having a Miss Universe. They did, like, parades. In South America we're big fanatics of pageants. My parents told me that when I won, cars were going through the streets honking like after a soccer match.

And when you got home, were people still going crazy?
I saw all these Venezuelans with the little flags, and they were crying, and I was kind of crying as well. I really enjoyed how much happiness I could bring to so many people by winning. And I think we needed it in my country.

Does a guy have to be an oil tycoon to get a date with you?
No, he doesn't have to be a soccer player or an actor, either. He just has to be a special guy who is very genuine.

What's one thing that nobody knows about the Miss Universe pageant?
You know what they don't know? That it is a job. You don't just go to countries and wave and smile at people. It's a very serious job. And you're very young and giving speeches while the whole world is looking at you on television.

Like us! So what do you really want to do now that it's all over?
I really, really, *really* want to sleep. Sleep and turn off my phone.

We're guessing you didn't get a lot of free time...
I don't stop!

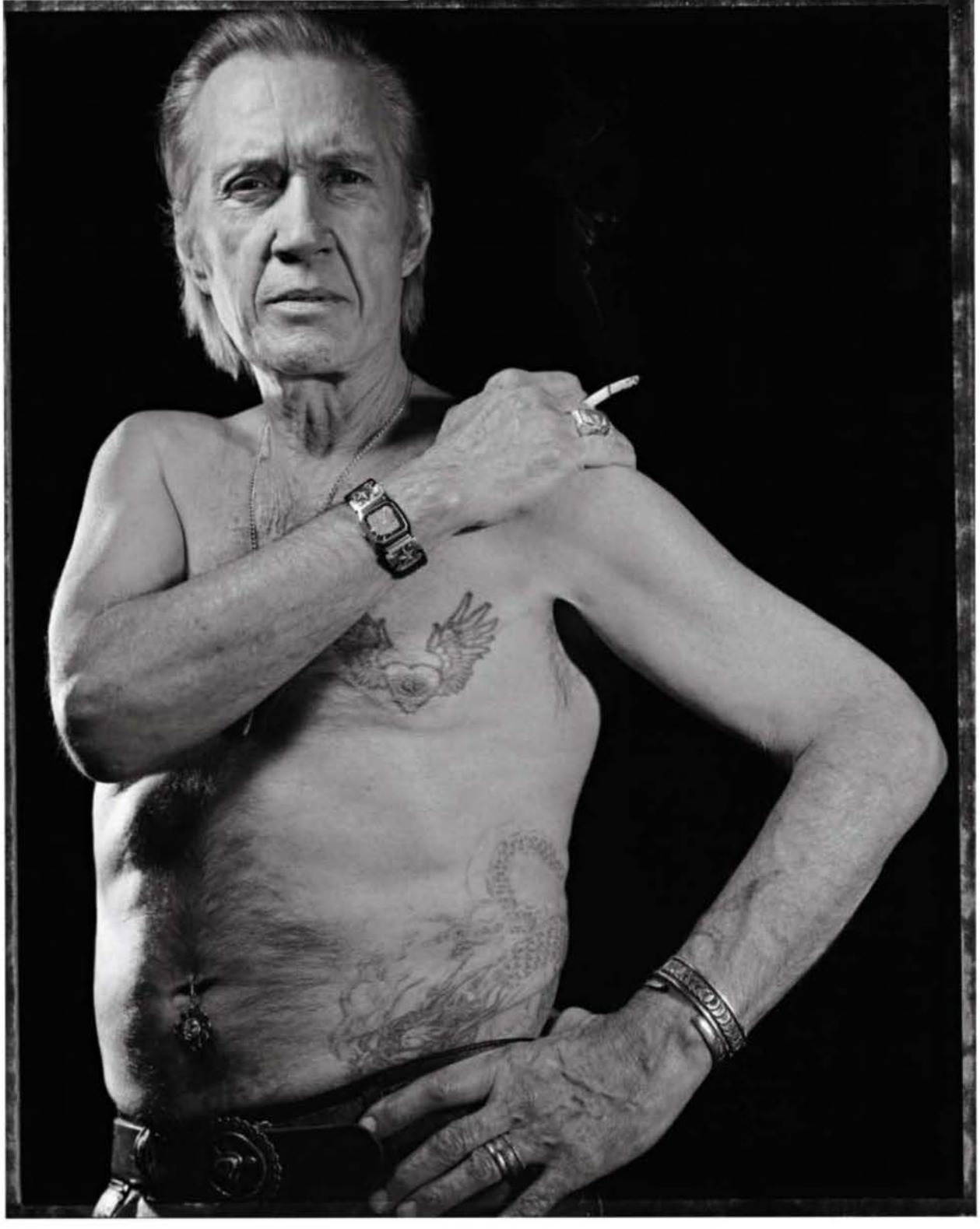
We believe you—don't yell!
I want to have free time! I deserve it, right?

COURTESY OF MISS UNIVERSE ORGANIZATION L.P., LLLP/PHOTOGRAPHS; FADIL BERISHA; STYLING, ROSTON OGATA; HAIR, ALBERT LUIZ; MAKEUP, ISABEL PEREZ; LOCATION, ATLANTIS, PARADISE ISLAND, BAHAMAS

The Last Days of David Carr

The death of the Hollywood icon—
alone, naked, hanging in the closet
of a Bangkok hotel room—
shocked family, friends,
and fans alike. Was it suicide?
Kinky sex gone wrong? Ninja assassins?
We went deep into the seamy underworld of the
Thai capital to find out.

By Mark Ebner



AGING

At first the reports said it was a suicide. On June 4 actor David Carradine, 72, had died in a Bangkok hotel room—naked, alone, and hanging in a closet—apparently by his own hand. Almost immediately, though, other theories began to surface: Carradine wasn't the type to take his own life; he must have died from autoerotic asphyxiation, just a sad case of solo sex-play gone wrong. No, others speculated, Carradine had been murdered. Celebrity lawyer Mark Geragos went on *Larry King Live* at the behest of the Carradine family and seriously proposed that Carradine might have died at the hands of kung fu assassins—ninjas!—threatened by his noted work in exposing their ancient secrets. When a color photo appeared in the Thai newspaper *Thairath* showing a man—Carradine, the paper said—with his hands tied over his head dangling from a hanging rod in the closet of a tiny hotel room, a woman's red negligee crumpled on the bed, Geragos threatened to sue any U.S. publication that took the bait and reprinted it. That didn't stop countless Web sites from hosting the grisly images. How someone could get himself into that position on his own was difficult to imagine. But follow-up reports in the Thai media of a thin black cord looped around his neck, wrists, and scrotum convinced the prurient press that the beloved star of *Kung Fu* and *Kill Bill* had a major sideways sex jones.

Still, even at a distance of 10,000 miles, it was apparent that the slight torso and short black hair of the victim in the photo was at odds with the paunchy, road-traveled, silver-maned Carradine.

The photograph raised a number of questions about the scion of a Hollywood dynasty who boozed and brawled his way through a four-decade career. Was Carradine, the screen icon who personified Zen stoicism as Caine in the '70s series *Kung Fu*, actually more of a sexual than spiritual seeker? Was the grizzled veteran whom Quentin Tarantino called "one of Hollywood's great mad geniuses" in fact a tortured soul ready to check out? And wasn't it a little too convenient that such a sordid suicide should take place in Bangkok, the sex capital of the world?

I wanted to know, which is how I came to be standing in a secluded corner on the grounds of the Swissotel Nai Lert Park Hotel—a five-story, five-star establishment—having just spent 23 hours in a cramped China Airlines 747, followed by a teeth-rattling cab ride through the smog-choked, sweltering squalor of metro Bangkok, dodging rickshaws and limbless sidewalk cripples begging for change. I've come here to follow in Carradine's steps and try to reconstruct his final days.

In a tranquil garden on the hotel's grounds, a handful of locals gaze down in quiet reverie, like cemetery mourners on a Sunday afternoon. Except that everywhere around me, sprouting at odd angles and thrusting skyward, are not tombstones but penises—hundreds of them. The Nai Lert Park hotel is home to Bangkok's largest penis shrine, the spreading bouquets of phalluses left over the years for the fertility goddess, Phra Mae Tuptim. Clearly, Thailand, like the death of its most recent famous victim, has more to it than meets the eye.

A city of eight million, Bangkok is a teeming hodgepodge where native Thais rub elbows with Chinese and Indian immigrants, as Western sexual tourists explore the city's seamy underbelly. Traffic and pollution are endemic, the cuisine is sublime, and capitalism runs rampant—no more so than in a red-light district populated by barely legal streetwalkers, rapacious con men, and alluring ladyboys. "As Calcutta smells of death and Bombay of money, Bangkok smells of sex," wrote Paul Theroux, the poet laureate of exotic locales. It was David Carradine's kind of town.

According to the police, the actor checked into room 352 on May 31 in the company of a French producer from the film *Stretch*, in which he had a small part—one of the estimated 50 roles he has taken since Quentin Tarantino's *Kill Bill, Volumes* 1 and 2 in 2003 and 2004 reinvigorated his career. The production filmed that day at the hotel, and Carradine completed several scenes. For days he was a visible presence—drinking in the bar, entertaining guests on flute and piano, joking with the staff. He spent the better part of the afternoon of June 3 drinking and playing piano in the lobby for a group of children. He returned to his room in the early evening and was supposed to meet the cast and crew for a late dinner after shooting wrapped. He never showed. After calls the next morning failed to rouse him, a maid was dispatched to his room. The police believe Carradine had been dead at least 12 hours. After reviewing hotel security tapes, they insisted that he was alone when he died.

For all practical purposes, room 352 has disappeared, the number plate pried off the locked wooden door. The locals say it's common to rip up the carpets and repaint a room when someone dies in it—some prescriptive combination of Buddhism and black magic. Keying into my own standardized room, I take stock of the king-size bed, the flat-panel TV, and a closet that a dwarf would have trouble standing up in, let alone the 6'1" Carradine. If Carradine's closet was anything like this one, he would have had to fold his body in half while sitting on the shoe bench and then fall forward to intentionally hang himself. Bending the flimsy aluminum rod with two fingers, I could easily snap it in two.

The Nai Lert's manager, Aurelio Giraudo, a small Italian man who has run hotels all over the world, is visibly nervous. He assures me that hotel security is top-flight, that Carradine was alone at the time of his death, that the police took control very quickly, and that he never looked at the surveillance tapes or key card records himself. The room, he adds, is currently "out of inventory."

"Michael Jackson always stays in my hotels," he says by way of reassurance. (Jackson wouldn't

PREVIOUS SPREAD (TYPOGRAPHY): AUGUST HEFFNER

die for another 10 days.) "When somebody dies—a thousand things they die of. I don't know what happened...Thank you for your time. Write good things."

The first stop on my quest is a lunch with Bangkok Dan, a handsome Swiss expat and wire-service journalist who's been here 14 years. He says that rather than a tabloid breach, the photo that has whipped up such a storm of controversy back home is reflective of the Bangkok way of life.

"You open the newspaper every day and you see that kind of stuff," he says. "You see the ribs open, you see the head through the car window." According to Bangkok Dan, ambulances are a luxury, supplemented by urban opportunists known as body snatchers who routinely transport the deceased to the morgue in the beds of their pickup trucks and follow police scanners to track the latest carnage. They also sell morgue photos to the highest bidder, although it's just as easy to buy them off of the cops.

Much of what appears to Westerners as callousness, Bangkok Dan attributes to the Buddhist belief in reincarnation. "Life is worth nothing here," he explains. "Essentially, what happened to Carradine could have happened in any town, but Bangkok makes it easy."

The Carradines—David, Keith, Robert, and Chris (an executive at Disney's Imagineering)—were the Baldwins of their day, a clan of combative Irish mutts and barroom brawlers who looked out for each other on the battlements of Hollywood. Their father, character actor John Carradine, appeared in 340 films in a 60-year career, a number that makes Carradine's own career tally of 220 seem anemic by comparison. A career in Hollywood was far from a given—Carradine served a two-year stint in the Army and pursued music for a time—but in the end the family business beckoned.

Carradine played the title character in the TV adaptation of the Western *Shane* in 1966, which lasted one season, but his most famous role—beginning in 1972—turned the cowboy tradition upside down: Kwai Chang Caine in *Kung Fu*, a part originally created for martial arts legend Bruce Lee. Caine was a half-Chinese Shaolin monk and martial arts master wandering the American West, dispensing peacenik wisdom and brutal beat-downs in equal measure. Trippy and philosophical, *Kung Fu* was the closest TV ever came to dealing with the consciousness expansion of the '60s. That same year Carradine starred in *Boxcar Bertha* for Martin Scorsese. "I first met David before we started *Boxcar Bertha*, and the main thing I remember is what a terrific actor he was, the way he used his face and body on-screen," says Scorsese. "He was one of the first friends who showed me the ropes in L.A. For a guy who grew up on the Lower East Side [in Manhattan], it was wonderful to have someone take me under his wing. David was such a product of that time and place—L.A. in the early '70s, living a kind of wild life, exploring Eastern philosophy. It was a real education for me." Eventually, though, the films were overshadowed by a mercurial and often volatile personal life at odds with his Zenlike persona. Along the way he had memorable roles for Hal Ashby as Woody Guthrie in *Bound for Glory*, in Scorsese's *Mean Streets*, and in Ingmar Bergman's *The Serpent's Egg*, as well as overachieving B films like *Death Race 2000*, *Q*, and *Sonny Boy*.

In 1974, while he was starring in *Kung Fu*, Carradine was convicted of wandering into a neighbor's home in Laurel Canyon high on peyote, trashing the place, then sitting down to play the piano. (The police apprehended him by following the trail of blood—two pints' worth—from a broken window.) The same day, Carradine leapt from a car naked and bleeding and attacked a woman he believed to be a witch, beating her and demanding she remove her clothes, for which he was later forced to pay $20,000. This was followed by drug arrests, DWIs, and assault charges too numerous to mention. Carradine's duality—a healthy lifestyle advocate who smoked two packs a day; a spiritual being whose most prized possession was his Ferrari—carried over to many of the roles he played, from the ass-kicking monk of *Kung Fu* to the cold-blooded assassin and loving father of *Kill Bill*.

Carradine was married five times, and within days of his death stories broke in the U.S. press about his robust history of sexual adventurism. Unnamed friends claimed he had a history of engaging in autoerotic asphyxiation, the practice of choking oneself (usually with a noose) to produce more intense orgasms. In divorce papers filed by his fourth wife, Marina Anderson, she cited "abhorrent and deviant sexual behavior." (She also reported "an incestuous relationship with a very close family member.") Another of his ex-wives, Gail Jensen, told the New York *Daily News* that he would construct elaborate bondage devices to tie himself up.

David Carradine found fame in *Kung Fu* (opposite, 1972; top, 1973) and starred with his dad, John Carradine, in 1972's *Boxcar Bertha* (above); he had less luck in love (with second wife, Linda, below).

A quick call to the *Stretch* production office reaches someone who identifies himself as "the American," who says the film is currently "in flux." Russ Markowitz, who helped finance the film, informs me later that the crew members were all made to sign agreements not to comment on Carradine or *Stretch*. "From what I was told," he says, "Carradine was very prepared and professional on set and kept to himself during his time off. I believe he was scheduled to work the next day."

Producer Charles Gillibert, responding from France, describes the film as "about a young French jockey who decides to ride in Asia, where he discovers that the rules are different." Gillibert reports that the crew has already shot a month in Macao and will soon reconvene in France to finish the film. Carradine's scenes will remain in the final cut, although the ending has now been rewritten. "During his few days of work, he showed himself very respectful of the crew and in a good mood," says Gillibert. "On the set he was very classy."

One guy who might bring me up to speed on any rumors flowing through the Bangkok film community is David Winters, a flamboyant '50s-style showman who produced several movies with Carradine, including 1989's *Future Force* and its sequel, *Future Zone*—the kind of low-budget action fare that one might expect to be filmed in Thailand. As I'm escorted up to the penthouse apartment, I'm greeted by a 70-year-old, 5'1" American-ized Brit who furiously name-drops stars who have been dead for decades. Winters is certain that Carradine's death was either murder or an accident. "David would not fly 20 hours to Bangkok to go kill himself in a closet," says Winters. He had spoken to Carradine just a couple of months earlier and talked him into coming to Thailand.

Winters' theory is that there was someone else involved, probably a lady-boy—a transvestite prostitute who sounds like a girly-man but would probably kick your ass for saying so. "The lady-boys are into that kind of stuff, and they are very beautiful here. Absolutely stunning," says Winters. "But when they say there were no bruises on him—there didn't have to be any bruises! They picked him up, put him in the closet, and made it look like a suicide, because either they freaked out or they had planned it."

"A big thing here in Bangkok is that, especially the lady-boys, they'll go back to your hotel, put something in your drink and then rob you," adds Gary Stretch, a British actor starring in Winters' next picture, *The Warrior King*. Winters reports that there was a glass of water by the bed and an unexplained shoeprint on the bedspread, and that Carradine would have had $10,000 to $15,000 in up-front payment plus per diem cash that is apparently missing.

"You come to Bangkok and the first thing you want to do is have sex," says Winters. "This is the sex capital of the world!" I'll hear later that Carradine was spotted the day before his death in Bangkok's red-light district shaking hands with the locals. It's my next stop.

A vast open-air sex market, the Patpong is a 20-minute walk from the hotel, past the U.S. and British embassies; an X-rated bazaar that looks like a psychedelic Bourbon Street. This is where they filmed *The Deer Hunter* to simulate wartime Saigon. The Patpong is divided into Soi 4, which is predominantly gay; Soi Cowboy, a note-perfect re-creation of pre-Disney Times Square, designed to cater to the Western tourist; and Nana Plaza, which is where they keep the kink. Girls in baby-doll nighties with numbers around their necks loll on red-velvet cushions behind a wall of glass, like a giant aquarium. In a far corner a Thai guy with a cash register on a rickety wooden table rings up the sales. Looking for answers at the dodgy Nana Hotel, I meet a striking-looking child bride who calls herself A. She pours herself into my lap. Like everyone I talk to in the Patpong, she doesn't know anything about Carradine, but for 10,000 baht (roughly $300 in U.S. currency) she will come back to my hotel, tie me up, choke me, and stay the night. I take a rain check.

QUENTIN TARANTINO CALLED CARRADINE "ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S GREAT MAD GENIUSES."

Whatever his sexual predilections, Carradine's life appeared to be profoundly normal in the years before his death. Though sources estimate he made $2 to $3 million a year, he acted the part of an impoverished drifter. Mornings were spent practicing tai chi and martial arts, while afternoons saw Carradine at his favorite bar, smoking Lucky Strikes and doing crossword puzzles. *Transformers* producer Don Murphy reports seeing him a week before he died at La Poubelle restaurant across from the Scientology Celebrity Center in Hollywood (Carradine's wife and daughters are Scientologists). Returning from a cigarette break, Carradine stopped at Murphy's table and, pointing at the 25-year-old guy he was drinking with at the bar, said, "Would you tell this guy who I am?" When Murphy readily complied, ticking off a list of the actor's credits, Carradine told him, "I could tell you were Irish from 20 feet away." He was in good spirits.

But just last month at a screening of *Bound for Glory* at the Aero Theater in Santa Monica, an obviously enhanced Carradine accused cinematographer Haskell Wexler of "ruining my movie," defended late director Hal Ashby's cocaine use, forgot the words to Woody Guthrie songs he insisted on playing, and finally tossed a microphone into the crowd. People who were in attendance and witnessed Carradine's display uniformly referred to it as a train wreck.

In the days before his death, Carradine was seen strolling around Bangkok's red-light district (above). Photos of his body taken at the morgue (below) contradict the initial reports of suicide. Top: Carradine in *Kill Bill, Vol. 2* (2004).

The day after my visit to the red-light district, I make my way to the Lumpini police station to meet with Colonel Somprasong Yentuam. When I'm finally ushered into his ice-cold office, the colonel is the very model of rectitude, pimped out in lanyards and medals. He's also young enough to be Carradine's grandson. "The investigation is ongoing," he says. "I don't know who told the press that the death of Mr. Carradine was suicide or accidental. It is unknown." I probably would have taken greater comfort in this if he hadn't added that the police "quarantined the fourth floor until the forensic team came." Carradine's room was located on the third floor.

"In my opinion the police did not collect the evidence in a good way," says Khunying Porntip Rojanasunan, M.D., director of Thailand's Central Institute of Forensic Science. Porntip, as she's known, was the first person to suggest that the cause of death was most likely autoerotic asphyxiation. She also announced that Carradine's room came equipped with its own penis shrine.

The following day I arrange to meet an anonymous source with knowledge of the investigation at the Foreign Correspondents Club across town. He thinks there is an active cover-up: The hotel manager is scared, the maid isn't talking, and the surveillance video has been tampered with. He also mentions the mysterious footprint. He is certain Carradine was carried to the closet, the suicide staged, and that a body snatcher was dispatched to collect Carradine's corpse,

before realizing he was a celeb rity. There was money missing—one of the film's producers reported Carradine was spending money like crazy. My source says the videotapes—now in the possession of the Thai government—show Carradine returning to his hotel room between 9:45 P.M. and 10:45 P.M.

On my final morning in Bangkok, there is a furtive knock at the door. Lady-boy assassin? Humorless Asian mafia? No—it's Antonio Pineda, a friend of David Winters, who has with him a member of the Bangkok press with a dozen morgue photos for sale. It's clear from the first shot that the death scene photo—the one that ran in the Thai paper and quickly ricocheted around the Internet—is a fake. Carradine has tattoos that run the length of his torso, a healthy paunch, long gray hair, and he's well over 200 pounds. The journalist tells me the tabloid photo was taken in a 500-baht room—a cardboard closet, a bed, no furniture—and on closer inspection, it looks nothing like the hotel I'm staying in. Moreover, he says the Thai tabloids often run photos they know are fake—and sometimes they even stage them themselves. The morgue photos, which appear real, show a thin black cord, described in the press as a shoelace or a curtain cord, pooled on his chest and looped around his genitals, which are obscured by an index card. He's wearing a silver bracelet on his left wrist and a thick ring on the middle finger of his left hand. On his neck is a deep laceration, filled with blood, and there is blood covering the right side of his head and matted in his hair.

"It doesn't look like he did that himself," says the journalist. "But it still could have been an accident. They'll kill you for 500 baht here. If he had 20,000 baht, a Rolex watch, a gold chain, and a diamond ring, they would whack him on the head and strangle him."

I later show these morgue photos to an intelligence source of mine in the military. "I've investigated autoerotic deaths," he says, "and I have never seen a case where there is so much external bleeding and deep ligature." He suspects a robbery.

Noted sex columnist Susannah Breslin, who has also seen two of the photos, adds, "The deep neck ligature seems to indicate something beyond sex play—solo or dominatrix-administered. Most of the time what a practitioner is looking for is effect, and the only effect that seems intended here, based on the evidence, is death. This is like nothing I've ever seen before."

Back in Los Angeles, the Carradine family engaged former New York City chief medical examiner Michael Baden to perform a second autopsy. He determined that while asphyxiation was indeed the cause of death, it was not a suicide.

However David Carradine shuffled off this mortal coil—misadventure, psychic dry dive, or the famed five-pointed palm-exploding heart technique that spelled his character's demise in *Kill Bill*—it's clear that his time here was a riot of contradictions. At his funeral in Los Angeles, the 400 mourners included a phalanx of Hells Angels, headdressed members of the Lakota tribe, and numerous stars, including Darryl Hannah, Tom Selleck, Lucy Liu, and Michael Madsen, who read from a list of life rules Carradine had given him, such as "Never marry a woman named Candy," and "Never buy anything from a man who is out of breath." For a man who died alone in a Bangkok hotel room, it was quite an outpouring.

"I seek not to know the answers," said Carradine as Caine in *Kung Fu*, "but to understand the questions." In death, as in life, Carradine's complex persona offered more questions than answers. However he died—and we may never know—it wasn't so different from how he lived. •

Mark Ebner has been covering crime and Hollywood for 20 years. His new book, Six Degrees of Paris Hilton *(Simon Spotlight), was published in February.*

FAMILY TIES

HOLLYWOOD'S FIVE MOST DYSFUNCTIONAL DYNASTIES.

	THE CARRADINES	THE BARRYMORES	THE SHEENS	THE BALDWINS	THE MINNELLI-GARLANDS
MEMBERS	John, David, Keith, and Robert	Drew, Ethel, John, and Lionel	Martin and Charlie Sheen, Emilio Estevez	Alec, Daniel, Stephen, and William	Vincente and Liza Minnelli, Judy Garland
ACHIEVEMENTS	Dad appeared in 340 films. His sons played Caine in *Kung Fu*, Wild Bill in *Deadwood*, and Lewis in *Revenge of the Nerds*.	Hollywood's First Family: Lionel and Ethel won Oscars; John was called the best actor of his era; Drew carries on legacy.	Papa Sheen played two presidents; Charlie starred in *Platoon* and *Wall Street*; Emilio is a charter Brat Packer.	All four of the battling Baldwin brothers have found success both on television and on the silver screen.	Above all else, no family in Hollywood history has inspired a more rapturous following from the gay community.
MISDEEDS	The four-times-married John was upstaged by his sons' wild, hippie-era embrace of sex, drugs, and good times.	After years of hard living, John drank himself to death; his granddaughter Drew entered rehab at the tender age of 13.	The Sheen clan's collective career is beset by heart attacks, rehab, prostitutes, and one marriage to Paula Abdul.	Take your pick: Alec's temper, William's sex scenes, Daniel's stint on *Celeb Rehab*, Stephen's reign as a Jesus freak.	Vincente allegedly struggled with his sexuality, while wife Judy and daughter Liza both battled addiction.

AMERICAN SPLENDOR

HERE'S HOW TO BEAT THE RECESSION: INVEST IN THESE TRIED-AND-TRUE, RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE CLASSICS THAT WON'T GO SOUTH LIKE THE STOCK MARKET. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEN MORTENSEN

OLD SCHOOL

1. THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT

GREGORY PECK in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*: "I do enjoy the feel of these satin panties! It's exciting."

OLD SCHOOL

ONCE THE ULTIMATE symbol of conformity during the buttoned-up 1950s, this woolen warrior will now help you break from the dark-blue-suited pack. (Thanks, *Mad Men*!) Remember: Stripes and pattern trends come and go, but the gray flannel never fades. Splurge for a decent one now and we guarantee in three decades when your adult kid comes over to borrow money, he'll try to steal your suit, too.

STYLING, MARIANA VERA FOR BERNSTEIN&ANDRIULLI

TOM BRADY
Finally—a football player who doesn't sport a speck of purple in his suits.

NEW SCHOOL

ONE SUIT, MANY USES
Gray's a neutral, so it's easy to coordinate. Pair the pants with a navy blazer for a classic preppy look or dress it down by wearing the jacket with your jeans.

Opposite page: **CALVIN KLEIN** *suit, $595, and tie, $40;* **ARMANI EXCHANGE** *button-up, $55;* **TOMMY HILFIGER** *V neck, $148;* **CIRÉ BY GRANDOE** *gloves, $85;* **PERRY ELLIS** *belt, $35;* **MOSCOT** *eyeglasses, $279;* **MARUTI** *oxfords, $199.*

PUREDKNY *blazer, $700;* **EUBIQ NY** *shirt, $185;* **BLUE NOTCH** *jeans, $199;* **URBAN OUTFITTERS** *shoes, $68;* **NIXON** *headphones, $120;* **JOHN VARVATOS** *scarf, $145;* **NICE COLLECTIVE** *wallet, $140.*

LEVI'S MADE HISTORY'S first blue jeans in 1873. (The originals are on display in the Smithsonian.) These riveted roughneck miner pants are as steeped in American iconography as Coke and Mickey Mouse. The uniform of cool from Steve McQueen to Jack White, a relic of the past they are not: They've remained the template for nearly all jeans since (except those bedazzled horrors). Sure, Levi's makes some serious dad jeans (see: Comfort Fit 560s), but the cut of the classic 501 slices through trends and magically transforms any schlub into a button-fly stud.

OLD SCHOOL

2. LEVI'S 501 JEANS

NEW SCHOOL

THE RAMONES
The punk legends' biannual "we changed our socks" photo.

BREAK 'EM IN FAST
Chuck new jeans in the wash, then dry them for 10 minutes. Wear them while they're still damp so they form to your fit. After five times, they'll feel like your old faves.

LEVI'S SELVAGE 501 JEAN IN "PERFECT WORN," *$98*

KINGS OF LEON
Capable of knocking up your girlfriend from 100 yards away.

TRUE RELIGION, *$253*

CALVIN KLEIN JEANS BODY, *$80*

EARNEST SEWN, *$195*

HILFIGER DENIM, *$98*

NEW
AXE
INSTINCT
NEW
AXE
INSTINCT
NEW AXE INSTINCT
FRAGRANCE WITH THE POWER OF LEATHER

POLO RALPH LAUREN, $145

GO SOFT
Flannel feels best after a few wears. Wash it too much and it'll stay stiff and never get plush. Wash daily, however, if you're a pig farmer.

J. CREW, $795

OLD SCHOOL NEW SCHOOL

3. THE PLAID SHIRT

THE BOSS
The Asbury Park, N.J. Jiffy Lube Employee of the Month. Way to go, Bruce!

LIL WAYNE
This is what you look like when you're drunk on children's grape-flavored Dimetapp.

WHETHER YOU'RE A CHILD OF L.L. BEAN OR THE Latin Kings, the all-American plaid flannel should already be in your sartorial arsenal. It improves the more you wear it, it's a chick tractor beam, and it's super affordable.

OLD SCHOOL NEW SCHOOL

4. THE LEATHER JACKET

PETER FONDA
in *Easy Rider*. He's totally seeing some major tracers right now, brah.

JAMES FRANCO
Even PETA finds him completely irresistible.

THE BULKY, BUCKLE CRAZY PERFECTO BIKE jacket (think *Misfits* fans/Brando in *The Wild One*) is classic, but its sleek, streamlined cousin, the Racer, is infinitely more stylish and has ruled the roost since Fonda and Hopper hit the road.

NEW ERA PRESENTS TRADITION, $70

DICKIES, $25

BELSTAFF, $1,495

REPLAY, $698

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Newman Lowrance; Akers, Ralph Waclawicz; Feagles, Larry French **pp.104–109:** David Carradine, Isabel Snyder/Corbis Outline; *Kung Fu: The Movie*, Warner Brothers TV/The Kobal Collection; *Kung Fu* "Blood Brother," Season 1, ABC/Retna Ltd./Corbis; David and John Carradine, AP Images; David Carradine with wife, Richard Melloul/Sygma/Corbis; David Carradine on set of *8 For Infinity*, Chris Shreenan-Dyck/Contributor/Getty Images; strippers, David Hoffman Photo Library/Alamy; Bangkok hospital, Sukree Sukplang/Reuters/Landov; *Kill Bill: Volume 2*, Miramax/courtesy Everett Collection; John Carradine, Jim McHugh/Sygma/Corbis; David Carradine, Todd Williamson/FilmMagic; Keith Carradine, Vince Bucci/Getty Images; Robert Carradine, Grayson Alexander/Retna; Drew Barrymore, Andrew Marks/Retna Ltd; Ethel Barrymore, Condé Nast Archive/Corbis; John Barrymore, John Springer Collection/Corbis; Lionel Barrymore, Bettmann/Corbis; Martin Sheen, RD/Dziekan/Retna Digital; Charlie Sheen, Tyler Demogenes/Retna Ltd.; Emilio Estevez, Paramount/courtesy Everett Collection; Alec Baldwin, Bill Davila/Retna Ltd.; Daniel Baldwin, Walter McBride/Retna; Stephen Baldwin, Ron Sachs/CNP/Corbis; William Baldwin, Andrew Marks/Retna Ltd.; Vincente Minnelli, Bachrach/Getty Images; Liza Minnelli, Grayson Alexander/Retna Ltd.; Judy Garland, Underwood & Underwood/Corbis; sword vector, gaga/Shutterstock **pp.110–114:** Peck, Bettmann/Corbis; Brady, Richard Phibbs/Corbis Outline; Ramones, Kees Tabak/Sunshine/Retna UK; Kings of Leon, Jamie Beeden/Corbis Outline; Springsteen, Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis Outline; Lil Wayne, Kevin Winter/Getty Images; Fonda, Columbia/Neal Peters Collection; Franco, Lee Jenkins/Trunk Archive **p.124:** *Cheers*, Ted Danson, courtesy Everett Collection; cheeseburger, Tim Hill/Alamy; softball team, Juice Images Limited/Alamy; pig, Arco Images GmbH/Alamy; matches, Steve Wisbauer/Getty Images; man threatening, Jupiter Images/Banana Stock/Alamy; man, Images100/Alamy; Samantha from *Sex and the City*, New Line Cinema/courtesy Everett Collection; bottle of beer, Food Drink and Diet/Mark Sykes/Alamy; martini, D.Hurst/Alamy; piña colada, D.Hurst/Alamy; Jäger shot, Anton Prado photo/Shutterstock; tequila shot, Stockbyte/SuperStock; cosmopolitan, D. Hurst/Alamy

Where to Buy

p.110: Calvin Klein suit, $595, and tie, $40, Macy's stores nationwide; Armani Exchange shirt, $55, armaniexchange.com; Tommy Hilfiger V-neck, $148, Tommy Hilfiger flagship store, N.Y.C.; Ciré by Grandoe gloves, $85, leatherglovesonline.com; Perry Ellis belt, $35, perryellis.com; Moscot eyeglasses, $279, moscot.com; Maruti oxfords, $199, amazon.com **p.111:** pureDKNY blazer, $700, select DKNY stores; Eubiq NY shirt, $185, DNA 2050 store, N.Y.C; Blue Notch jeans, $199, blue notchjeans.com; Urban Outfitters shoes, $68, urbanoutfitters.com; Nixon headphones, $120, nixonnow.com; John Varvatos scarf, $145, johnvarvatos.com; Nice Collective wallet, $140, nicecollective.com **p.112:** Levi's Selvage 501 jean in "Perfect Worn," $98, levi.com; Calvin Klein Jeans Body, $80, Macy's stores nationwide; Earnest Sewn, $195, earnestsewn.com; True Religion, $253, truereligionbrandjeans.com; Hilfiger Denim, $98, Tommy Hilfiger flagship store, N.Y.C. **p.114:** Polo Ralph Lauren, $145, ralphlauren.com; New Era presents Tradition, $70, neweracap.com; Dickies, $25, No Fear stores; J.Crew, $795, jcrew.com; Belstaff, $1,495, available by special order, 212-206-7722; Replay, $698, replay.it.

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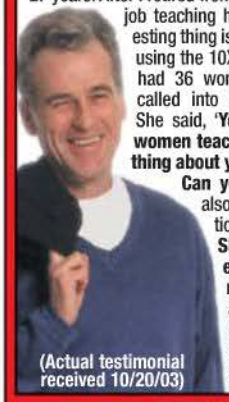

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Dr. Cutler is a biologist and President of Athena Institute, **co-discoverer of human pheromones** in 1986 (*Time* 12/1/86; *Newsweek* 1/12/87). Ph.D. from U. of Penn, post-doc Stanford, authored 35+ scientific papers, 8 books, and wrote the **pheromone chapter in a medical textbook.**

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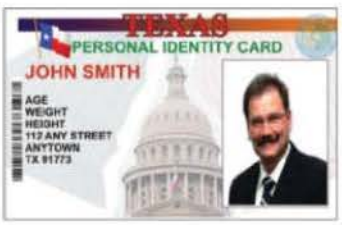

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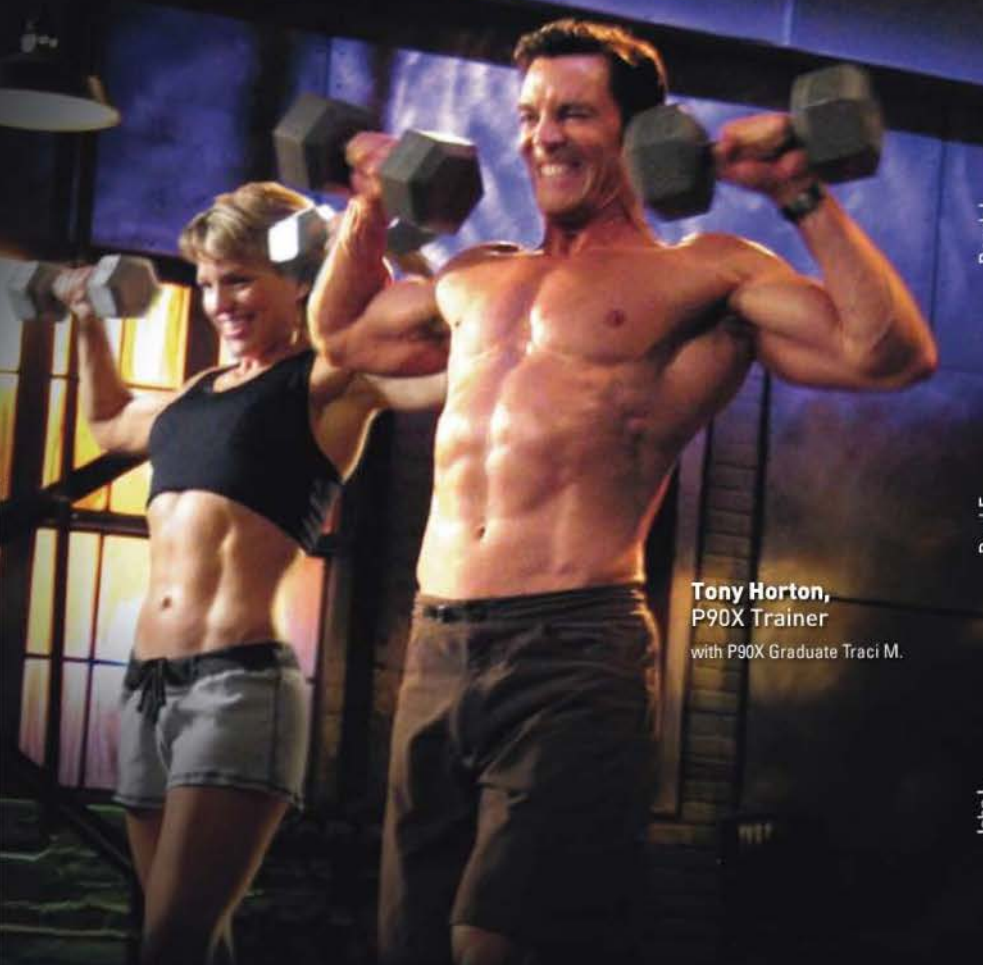

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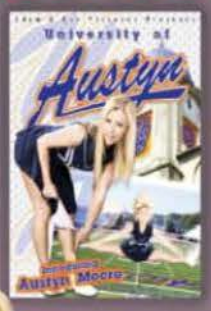

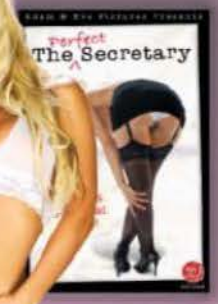

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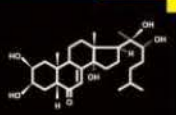

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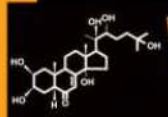

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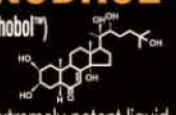

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.

I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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The Decider

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What are you planning on putting on the jukebox?
A. "Cheeseburger in Paradise" by Jimmy Buffett.
B. Something by Sinatra.
C. My balls.

What are you celebrating tonight?
A. Won the softball league championship!
B. Just got a promotion!
C. Made it through another day without blowing my goddamn brains out.

What kind of hangover are you in the market for?
A. Mild, with chance of bed spins.
B. The kind that feels like a pig just fucked me in the ear.

Want your beverage to come in something you can pee in later?
yes / no

Complete this sentence: "I usually leave the bar with..."
A. a chick's number.
B. great memories.
C. crap in my pants.

Blacking out: yay or nay?
Not a fan.
Can you repeat the question? Blacked out there a second.

Do you consider yourself a "guy's guy"?
yes / no

Are you a white dude with shells recently braided into your hair?
yes / no

Are you prone to violence?
A. No.
B. You want a smack in the teeth, assheap?

...who is really kind of a dick?
no / yes

True or false: I would like to vomit within minutes of consuming this beverage.
false / true

Are you a penis-starved 48-year-old woman wearing a way-too-short miniskirt?
no / yes

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You've made a wise investment. At 5¢ back a bottle at the recycling center, you drink 80 and the 81st pays for itself!

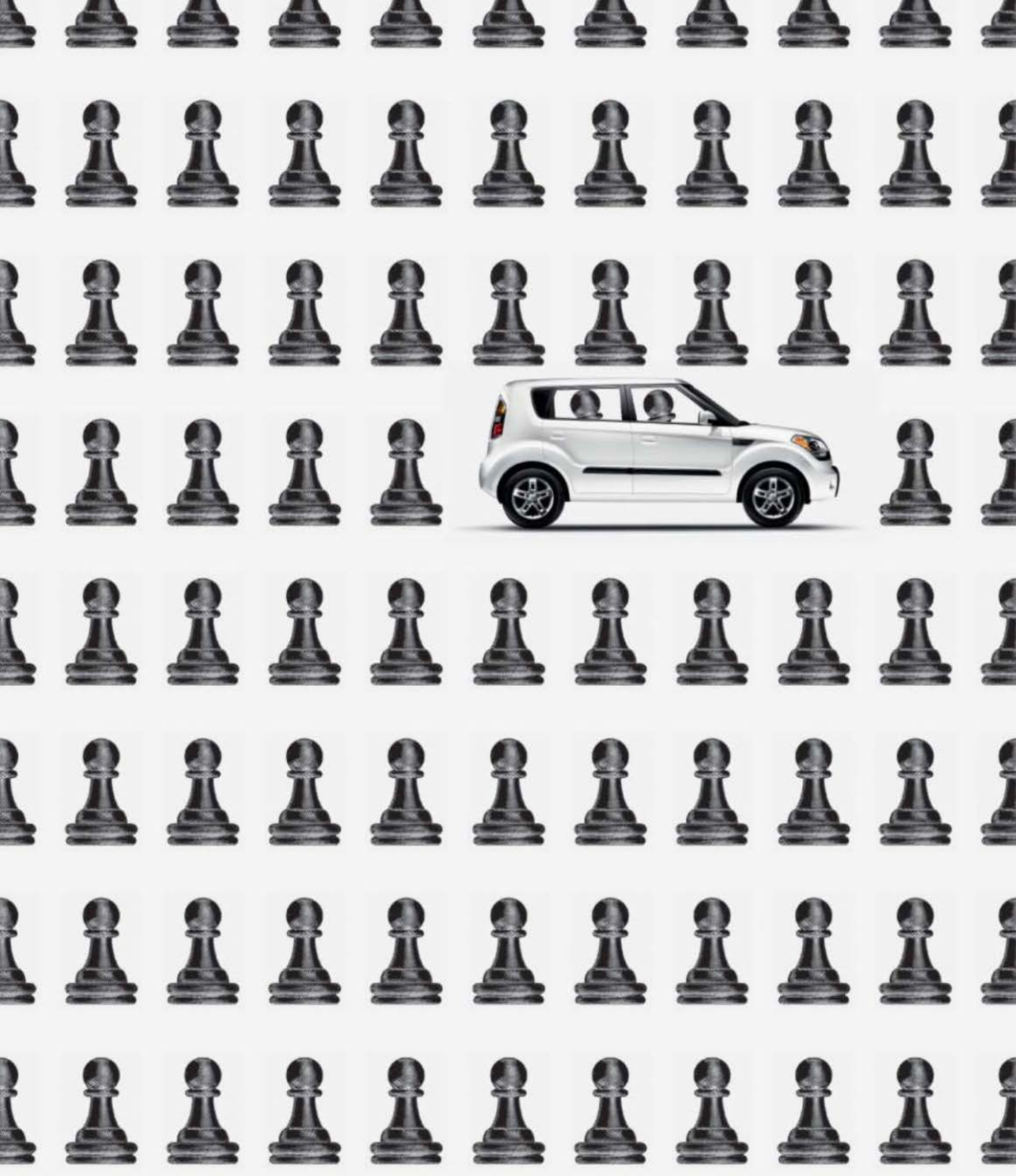
Martini
You are worldly, sophisticated, and regularly get your car keyed by people who hate you. Which is everybody.

Piña Colada
Hey, mon! Feeling irie? And by irie we mean bloated and girlish. Because you are both of those things.

Jäger Shot
You enjoy a libation whose color matches your soul. Drink up and wait for death, or your partially digested lunch, to come.

Tequila Shot
You + another round of these at 4 A.M. = a totally regret-free evening. You can't argue with mathematics, man.

Cosmopolitan
First question: How does a lady your age look so great? Second question: Would you be into paying off our student loans?



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MP3 Input | Bluetooth | 50+ Accessories | 31 MPG/HWY | Frontal Crash Rating | $ Starts under $14k

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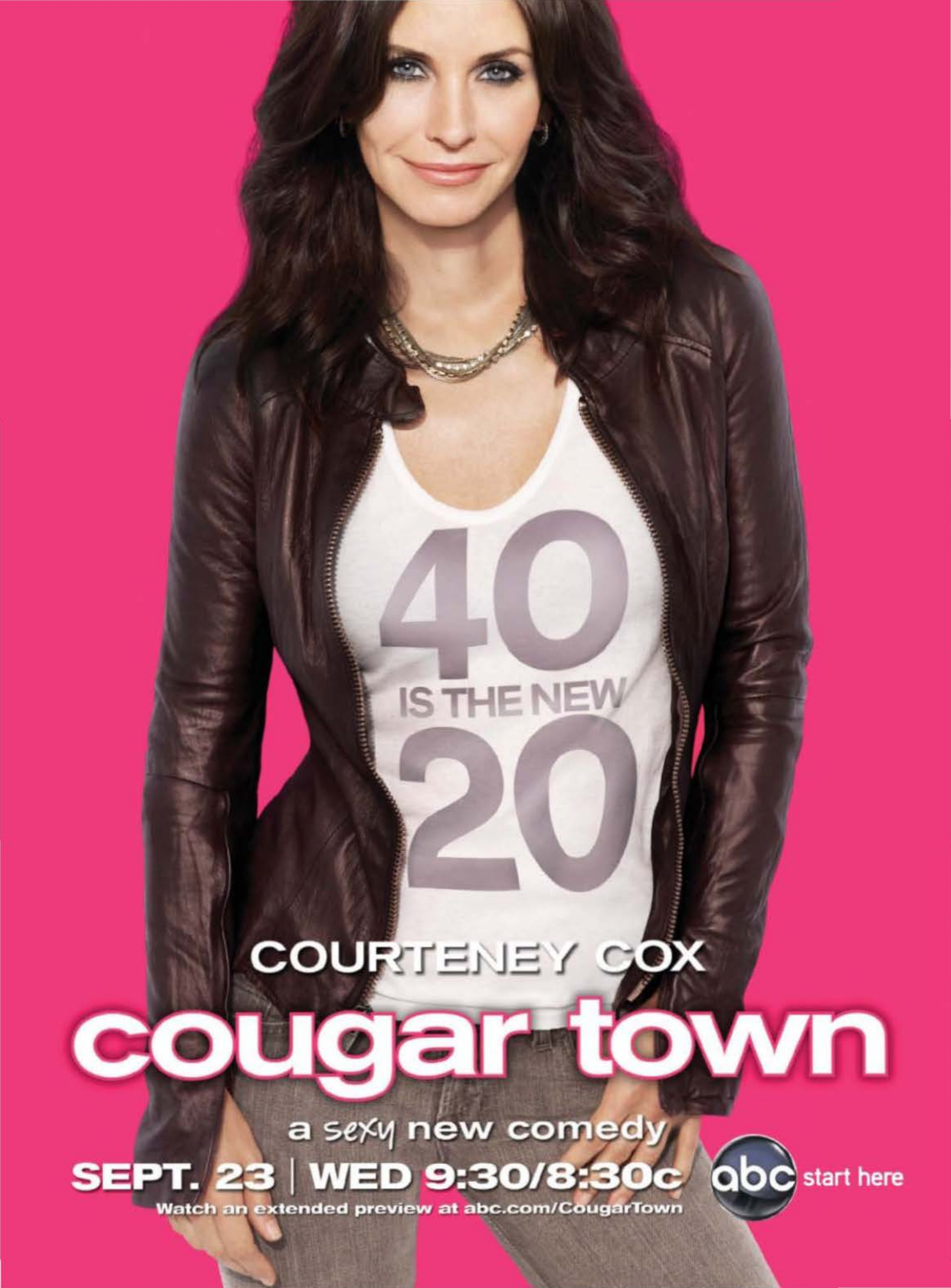
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